The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1931 NUMBER 843

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The Week

PESSIMISM so deep as to produce a state of apathy seems to have been the atmosphere of the meetings at which a League of Nations commission discussed the immediate possibility of a European union. There were, it is true, a few hopeful developments, chief among them being M. Briand's willingness to forget his grandiose political schemes and talk in terms of agricultural credits and lower tariffs. But even this limited form of European coöperation is faced by difficulties which no one seems able to surmount. There is the play of alliances between Italy, Germany, Hungary and Turkey on the one side, and France supported by the Little Entente on the other. There is the naval question between France and Italy. There are the efforts of Italy to obtain a loan, heretofore blocked, it is said, by the French and British governments. There is the inescapable fact that nothing permanent can be accomplished without Soviet Russia, whose economic interests are partly opposed to those of western Europe. Finally there is the general atmosphere of distrust now spreading over the Continent. Everybody admits that national rivalries have led to an economic disaster and, unless checked, will lead to a greater one in the future. Everyone admits that international coöperation is the only way out. And yet, in spite of some astonishing survivals of good will and public spirit amid diplomatic intrigues, nobody seems able to do anything about it. The new diplomacy is as impotent in the face of economic ruin and defeat as was the old diplomacy in the face of a world war.

THE Round Table Conference on India has closed, and neither a constitution nor a definite pledge of dominion status has come out of it. What was accomplished was a survey of difficulties, an honest attempt to bring the minds of the conferees together, and a tentative agreement on certain important objectives like a federal constitution, with some form of protection for minorities, and autonomy modified in the transitional stages by reservations in the British interest. Now, as Premier MacDonald has said, the Indian delegates must go home and try to win public opinion for what has been accomplished, while the British delegates consolidate British opinion. What are the chances in this direction? Apparently small, as far as the Indian delegates are concerned. They left India as an unrepresentative minority, while the Congress forces under Gandhi refused to sanction negotiation without a definite advance pledge of "the substance of independence." While they have been away, Indian opinion has been embittered by the civil-disobedience campaign and the repressive measures used against it. If the delegates had been able to return with a definite and completed program, ready to be put into effect, they might conceivably have had a chance of winning support. As it is, there appears to be no more opportunity of rallying Indian opinion about the still inchoate result of the Conference than there is of the acceptance of Mr. MacDonald's offer to grant amnesty to political prisoners if the campaign of passive resistance is abandoned. As was foreseen, the Round Table Conference is one of those measures which, though it might have been effective if undertaken earlier, came too late to accomplish its purpose.

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THE Fish Committee, which has been investigating radicalism for all these months, has now shot its bolt—and what a bolt it is! The Committee sees Communism as an imminent and dreadful peril; while agreeing that there are only a few thousand members of the Communist party in the United States, it sees the number of "sympathizers" as five or six hundred thousand, or more than ten times as many as voted the ticket in the last presidential election. It recommends that the party, in its present or any future form, be made illegal; that all alien Communists be deported; that no more be permitted to enter this country and that those now here who apply for naturalization be refused. It would forbid Communist periodicals the use not only of the mails, but of any other form of interstate transportation. Noting the melancholy fact that the Navy Department has been trying unsuccessfully for five months to decipher 3,000 code messages from Russia to Soviet trade organizations in this country, it would prohibit the use of code messages to "any government not recognized by the United States." It wants the Department of Justice to go back to its witch-hunting activities as in the glorious days of A. Mitchell Palmer; it demands an embargo on imports of Russian manganese and would have the Department of Labor send spies to see whether any other goods intended for our markets are produced by forced labor.

IT IS obvious that this report does not merit serious consideration, though even as a piece of humor it leaves much to be desired; Mr. Hamilton Fish, who obviously hoped to ride on it into fame and a better political position, is a heavy-witted young man whose lack of a sense of the ridiculous turns out to be a fatal defect: even the most conservative of the daily newspapers whose editorial opinion we have had a chance to read brush him and his report aside as not deserving serious consideration. The common-sense attitude is represented, even on the Committee itself, by Representative Nelson of Maine, who with regard for congressional courtesy lets it be seen that he considers his confrères a pack of thick-headed sheep. Mr. Fish, to be sure, has been trying to offset his hysterical recommendations by observing that capitalistic society must do better in the future if it is to meet the Russian challenge. A simple test of his sincerity may be effected by watching what he does about the anti-injunction bill. This measure is an immediate objective greatly desired by organized labor, which he praises as an anti-Communist bulwark; there is no decent argument against it, yet it is well known in Washington that Congress intends to kill it. Let Mr. Fish and his associates revive the bill and pass it, and we promise to get duly excited about his role as the savior of capitalism.

APPARENTLY the Post Office Department had advance information as to the contents of the Fish report, and has decided to act in accordance with it, not waiting for any little formality like the passing of new laws. It began in December what seems to be a general campaign against the Communist press. The Young Worker, The Young Pioneer, two weeklies published by Communist youths and children, and a Spanish paper, called Vida Obrera have been suppressed; and the Communist Negro paper, The Liberator, has been refused further mailing privileges on the pretext of its having missed some issues. The Post Office Department has further demanded to be supplied with complete translations of the contents of two Yiddish papers: The Spark, published by a workers' fraternal order of the left, and The Hammer, a Jewish literary magazine somewhat similar to The New Masses. These measures are reminiscent of the War and it may be that Mr. Fish's Committee will yet be able to achieve the happy result of harassing the whole radical press. The imposition upon foreign-language papers of the practically impossible task of furnishing complete translations of their contents takes us back to the *beaux jours* when magazine offices were pestered by spies and when magazine editors were liable to be haled into court for disagreeing with the government.

THE anxiously awaited report of the St. Lawrence Power Development Commission in New York concludes, as was expected, that it is feasible for a state power authority to build and operate the generating plants. This part of the report, which is apparently accepted by all factions, vindicates Governor Smith's long fight against the power interests and the Republicans for public construction and operation. The report also supports the stand of Governors Smith and Roosevelt that the power, if sold to privately owned distributing companies, should be sold on the basis of contracts protecting the consumers, which will furnish a more effective protection of the public interest than regulation based on the police power. If proper contracts can be drawn and are accepted by the utilities, this is a definite step forward. The Commission is divided only on what is to be done if the distributing companies will not sign contracts acceptable to the state. One Commissioner, supporting Governor Roosevelt's view, advocates that in this event the state should be empowered to build and operate it's own transmission system. The majority, however, believe that in any case state competition with the existing private systems of transmission and distribution would be wasteful and unprofitable. In principle we agree with the minority: unless some threat of this kind is held in reserve, it will be impossible to negotiate satisfactory contracts. And if there is any way to obtain complete public operation between the generator and the consumer, it will be far more satisfactory in the long run. But competition with existing interconnected private systems, on the basis of St. Lawrence power alone, is hardly likely to be effective, either as a threat or as a relief to overcharged consumers.

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SENATOR Couzens made a good point when he said that if the railroads which are professing that they can economize by consolidation really want economy, they might look to their purchases of steel rails. For the past ten years the railroads have been paying $43 a ton for rails, while all the other steel products have been reduced by an average of 20 percent. Mr. Couzens states that approximately $90,000,000 has been spent in this decade for rails; if this is true, the savings through a 20-percent reduction would have been $18,000,000. The failure of rail prices to fall looks, said Mr. Couzens, as if there were some collusion between railroads and the steel companies. Why do the railroads order so much of their materials without competitive bidding? This reminds us that when a majority of the Supreme Court declared the United States Steel Corporation did not practise "unreasonable" restraint of trade, it overlooked the fact that the company had a substantial monopoly of the rail business. But there may now be something behind the rail price besides monopoly. It has previously been charged with a good show of reason that since the same financial interests which control the railroads also control to a large extent the companies which manufacture supplies and equipment, they are enabled to milk the public by charging high prices for equipment, such prices not being subject to regulation, and thus forcing the maintenance of unduly high railroad rates, although these rates are controlled.

THE recent action of the Supreme Court in sustaining the New York franchise tax law is another illustration of the vital truth that lay behind the Senate's rejection of the Parker nomination: namely, that constitutional law depends upon the men who make that law. It is wholly unlikely that the result of this important case would have been reached in the days of Chief Justice Taft. For in 1929 the Court delivered a drastic blow to state taxing systems by holding that the Massachusetts excise on corporations could not include in its measure the income from tax-exempt bonds. Now Chief Justice Hughes' Court holds that the New York corporation excise can include in its measure the income from federal copyrights, although the Court had already held that income from patents (and it is hard to distinguish copyrights from patents) are exempt from direct income tax. This inevitably is bewildering to the layman, but the plain English of it is that two years ago the Court denied to the states certain sources of revenue which it now opens to them. The dissenters of 1929, Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis and Justice Stone, joined by the new Chief Justice, by Justice Roberts and by Justice McReynolds, who for the moment shifts his position, have become the majority of 1931.

STARTING with a doctrine appropriate for a federal union, whereby the "instrumentalities" of state and nation, respectively, are not to be subjected to the hampering taxation of the other, the Supreme Court, by a characteristic process of word spinning, has gradually withdrawn from taxation more and more types of property which only in a most unreal sense can be deemed to be "instrumentalities of government." It is surely not dealing with actualities to regard taxation of income derived from patents and copyrights as an interference with "instrumentalities of government." How to raise money for the needs of government has always been one of the most difficult of the problems of statesmanship. Never has that difficulty been greater than today. The significance of this recent opinion is the recognition by the Supreme Court of its responsibility not to handicap the fiscal systems of the states by "a mechanical application of the rule," in the admirable language of Mr. Justice Stone, "that government instrumentalities are immune from taxation, regardless of the consequences to the operations of government." One can only hope that the same ingenuity by which the Court has fettered the financial freedom of the states will hereafter be applied to unfetter them. By restoring to the states old sources of taxation, the Supreme Court will relieve the demands upon the federal treasury through the increasing growth of grants-in-aid.

Behind the Red Cross Battle

THE CONTROVERSY between the President and Congress about relief of the drought sufferers is important not only for its effect on feeding the hungry. It is indicative of a deep division in the American mind concerning the proper function of government—a division that arises from a conflict of interests and ideas between those who have wealth or believe in the standards of the rich and those who have failed to share to any such extent in the gains of a capitalist society, or at any rate have little confidence in the justice of the existing distribution of income.

It is well to recall the steps of this particular controversy. Soon after Congress convened, an appropriation bill was introduced, with the backing of the administration, to devote $45,000,000 to relief of drought-stricken regions. This money was to be given out in loans for the purchase of such things as feed for cattle, and seed, but not for the purchase of food for human beings. The Senate, believing that human distress was widespread and would require emergency help, strove to add $15,000,000 to this bill, for food loans. The amendment was killed in the House, by administration forces. The Senate, in order to speed that part of relief which the House would accept, passed the bill with its original sum. The position of the administration so far had been that the need for distribution of food was overemphasized, and that whatever need existed was being met either by voluntary local agencies or by the Red Cross. Then came the

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food riots of farmers in Arkansas, followed by reports of observers on the ground that insufficient food was being provided, and that distress was much more prevalent than the country knew. Though the national offices of the Red Cross strove to minimize the gravity of the situation, the Senate revived its demand for a food appropriation, this time attaching to the Interior Department bill an amendment assigning $25,000,000 for this purpose. In response to a charge that the Red Cross was holding back a fund of about $35,000,000 which it might apply to drought relief, Mr. John Barton Payne made a statement that it had no such fund. Then, and only then, came the President's appeal for contributions to a new $10,000,000 fund for the Red Cross, and his appointment of leading citizens to head the drive. It is reported that the response to this call was, at least in the beginning, disappointing, and it is asserted that the Senate's demand for an appropriation was to blame. The evidence would seem, on the contrary, to indicate that if the Senate had not been so insistent in the matter, the Red Cross would not even have attempted to raise the money.

Why does the President insist that giving food to starving farmers through the Red Cross is the "American" way, while giving it to them through the agencies of government is at all costs to be avoided? Why are governmental loans to keep cattle alive and to help raise future crops legitimate, while governmental loans to keep alive the people who must care for the cattle and raise the crops constitute a "dole"? The distinction does not lie in mere academic logic chopping; it is a real enough one, with practical consequences in the minds of conservatives like Mr. Hoover.

The theory behind it is the theory that the government is not, and should not be, responsible for the economic welfare—or even the lives—of the citizens. Whether they prosper, whether they have even enough to eat, depends solely upon their individual efforts. The government may properly—though in extremely rare cases—help to finance them in the business or farming enterprises in which they may produce wealth or sustenance, but it must never give them directly any wealth or sustenance which they have not won in the world of competition. If persons get hungry or jobless or meet with other economic misfortune, it is never the fault of the civilization in which they live or of the governmental agencies of that civilization; it is either the fault of the unfortunate persons or the result of some natural calamity. To relieve such misfortune is not a common obligation; those who wish to relieve it by voluntary means are to be praised; the prestige and influence, but not the power of the government, may be used to elicit contributions.

When persons in this state of mind speak of the "demoralization" caused by a "dole," they do not really mean that destitute persons should be left to perish. Nor can they logically mean that a payment from the government really injures self-respect or pride any more than a gift from a huge bureaucratic organization like the Red Cross or an organized charity. What they have in mind is more subtle than that. They mean that relief from governmental sources would imply that the destitute have a right to aid, that organized society has a duty in the matter, while relief from voluntary contributions carries only the assumption that the more fortunate citizens are generous, and deserve credit for their generosity. The State is an agency by which the citizens may, through their representatives, appropriate money to be raised by the imposition of taxes. If the voters once get the habit of using the State to transfer wealth from the opulent to the indigent, or employ State machinery in any other way for an equalitarian economic purpose, there is no telling where they might stop. Conservatives get frightened at the merest hint of such a thing. It would be dangerous to their dogma that everyone prospers according to his deserts. The "demoralization" caused by the "dole" is in the realm of ideas: it fosters the idea that the people may legitimately demand something they have not won by private enterprise.

If misfortune is relieved by charity only, those who have the money retain the right to decide whether there is need, how pressing it is, and how much they should contribute to its relief. Though their judgment may be wrong, their generosity belated and the activity of charitable organizations haphazard and inefficient—as in Arkansas, for instance, denying food to starving families because the supply of blanks had run out—all this is infinitely preferable, they would say, to contributions enforced by public authority. As a matter of fact, they are usually reluctant to admit that need exists or that their way of relieving it is inefficient.

This frame of mind has a peculiar urgency at present, because of the imminence of a Treasury deficit. Business men are being warned in unmistakable fashion, both publicly and through confidential sources, that an increase of taxes is inevitable, and that the more money Congress appropriates, the greater the increase will be. They know well enough that when taxes are increased, not much additional revenue can be derived from tariff duties, sales taxes or other imposts which take money from everyone's pocket; the easiest and most feasible way to increase governmental receipts is through the income tax or the inheritance tax. Even if such an increase is not so adjusted as to bear progressively on the larger incomes, as it is likely to be, still all those subject to the tax constitute but a small fraction—the richer section of the nation. This is the group which, in general, is the most powerful in public affairs. It contributes to campaign funds, influences newspaper policies, sustains lobbies and surrounds most of the men in public office. Coolidge and Mellon maintained high repute by repeated reductions of its tax rates. Hoover, with his eyes fixed on renomination and reëlection, knows well enough that he can strengthen himself

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immensely if he becomes its champion by boldly fighting to keep down future levies against it. Thus does economic determinism work through politics to throttle public relief of distress. If a larger amount of money is appropriated by the government, its collection will be assessed systematically in accordance with ability to pay; if a smaller amount is raised by a "drive," the bulk of it will probably come from small contributions by employees, and the rest from those who are more willing to give than to be taxed.

Nobody on any side of this controversy maintains that the destitution caused by the drought and unemployment is really the fault of the victim. The stern refusal to sanction public relief for them is a startling indication of the lengths to which conservatives are ready to go in order to prevent the government from interfering with the game in which they have been the winners, in any way which would help the losers. If the plain and generous people of America once realized the cruel dogmatism on which this refusal rests, and the sordid interests which it serves, the incident would do more than anything has done in a long time to discredit the ruling group in the country.

A sincerely applied doctrine of governmental non-interference might command respect though it did not win approval. But ironically enough, the conservatives have never hesitated to use governmental power in their own interest. They have used it for an ever mounting protective tariff. They have used it, first, to grant monopolistic rights to privately owned public utilities, and then, by judicial interpretations of constitutional clauses, to prevent consumers from effectively regulating the rates charged by these utilities. They have used it even to prevent the government from operating its own property at Muscle Shoals. They have used it for ship subsidies. They have used it to interfere with the progress of labor organization and collective bargaining.

The Senate is not, of course, a really radical body; its action on the drought rests rather on a sound instinct of what is implied in the concept of American democracy rather than on a reasoned and rounded philosophy. But it rightly believes that we ought to be one community seeking a common human goal, that the government is a proper agency to act in the common interest, and that one of its most elementary duties is to relieve promptly and fully such patent distress as is now apparent on every hand. The popular support which the Senate has aroused is a sign that this attitude is rooted deeply among the people.

It would, of course, be an unhealthy development if this instinct should be so guided as merely to take more and more money away from those who happen to have it and pass it out on any terms to those who have less. This is not a program which could be advocated by intelligent radicals. What is required in the long run is a more fundamental application of the basic American doctrine in order to change the rules of the game. This would be an application which would certainly not relieve anyone of the obligation to apply his full share of industry and ingenuity, but which, on the contrary, would reward only honest work which has a socially useful result. It would, by careful planning and control, prevent distress arising from avoidable causes. It would hold the disparity of rewards to such reasonable proportions that there would be no need of taxing the rich to relieve the poor, no division of interest based on inequality of incomes, and no opposition to taxation for relief when relief was necessary.

Revising Our Caribbean Policy

THERE is a difference of opinion as to whether the State Department, in refraining from suppressing the recent revolt in Panama, was animated by devotion to the principle of non-intervention or merely by a desire to remove a government unfriendly to American interests. It is possible to believe that the Department had no ulterior motive in failing to come to the support of Arosemena, and that the United States is now willing to allow the people of Panama to work out their own destinies by revolution, if necessary, until disorder reaches a point where it actually endangers the Canal.

Commendable as our attitude toward Panama has been, much remains to be done before President Hoover's proposed policy of non-intervention in Latin America becomes a reality. While we may have changed our policy toward Panama, our relations with Haiti, Cuba and Nicaragua are still upon an unsatisfactory basis. If we can afford to be impartial toward Panama and keep our hands off, we should be even more able to follow a non-intervention policy in these other three countries, where our interests are much less vital.

How to conclude the occupation of Haiti, which has lasted since 1915, was shown by the report of the Forbes Commission, published last March. A few steps have been taken toward carrying this report into effect, such as the restoration of the Haitian parliament and the replacement of General Russell by a civilian minister. But if Haiti is to be evacuated before 1936, the dozens of American officials in the Haitian administration must soon be withdrawn. The recent elections demonstrated that Haitian opinion is well nigh unanimous in favor of immediate evacuation. As long as Haiti was in the hands of a puppet government controlled by General Russell, the United States could ignore this sentiment; but restoration of parliament has given the Haitians a powerful weapon of resistance. The only means of avoiding further difficulties is for the State Department wholeheartedly to accept the spirit of the Forbes report and prepare at once to evacuate.

In the neighboring republic of Cuba, the political

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situation grows more and more menacing. If it were not for the Platt Amendment (as it is at present interpreted), revolution would long since have driven the Machado dictatorship out of power. Last October, Secretary Stimson timidly attempted to remove the impression that we were supporting Machado by declaring that the United States had never intervened in Cuba on behalf of any particular government; but he quickly added that in the future the United States would judge each case upon its merits, a statement which was interpreted as hinting at support of Machado. What is more important, Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim has put himself in the invidious position of actively supporting the present regime. An experienced journalist, Mr. William Hard, recently wrote in The Washington Post that "just one slender thread holds President Machado in power. That is the support given him by the United States Ambassador at Havana. . . ." In their manifesto of December 10, the Cuban women accused Guggenheim of being chiefly responsible "for our people's being made to believe that a revolution to overthrow the government would be opposed by American troops." They charged that Guggenheim had urged the Nationalists to suspend political activities "until after the solving of Cuba's economic problems by means of ill considered loans. . . . " Thus, largely as a result of the Guggenheim policy, the anti-Machado movement has become anti-American. Sooner or later Machado will be overthrown; and if he is succeeded by an anti-American government, the State Department will have nobody but itself to blame.

As the recent killing of eight Marines near Ocotal demonstrates, our relations with Nicaragua are upon an even more unsatisfactory basis than those with Cuba. Despite official pronouncements to the contrary, the American war against Sandino, which started three and a half years ago, has lamentably failed of its objective. Although there have never been more than five hundred Nicaraguan "bandits," the American Marines have failed to stamp out "banditry," or even to capture any outstanding leader. Notwithstanding such failure, we have reduced the number of Marines to less than a thousand, while at the same time continuing to be responsible for the campaign against the alleged "bandits." The hostilities of the last three and a half years cannot be justified on the mere ground that they have been ineffectual! The result of the hostilities has been to keep five of the fourteen departments of Nicaragua under an almost continuous state of siege, and to stifle the economic and social life of the country. The upshot of Colonel Stimson's intervention in the spring of 1927, for the purpose of stopping a local civil war, has been to involve one Nicaraguan faction in a three-year war with the United States.

In one direction or another, our present policy must be changed. Either we should greatly increase the number of Marines in Nicaragua and go after the "bandits" in earnest, or we should withdraw the Marines altogether. At this late date the American people will not tolerate the adoption of the first policy—we have had enough of military occupation. The only fundamental solution, therefore, is to withdraw the Marines, including the American officers in the local constabulary, in the immediate future. If Sandino lives up to his professions, he will then quickly make peace. Should he refuse to do so, a civil war may result; but if Nicaragua is to be doomed to violence, it will be far better for it to suffer from internecine strife than at the hands of the United States.

It is well to remember that at least the ostensible reason for our intervention in 1927 was not the protection of any material interest, but the enforcement of the 1923 Central American recognition treaty, which prohibits the recognition of revolutionary governments. Had we followed the principle of recognizing *de facto* governments—a policy now adopted by President Hoover toward South America—it is improbable that the revolution of 1926 and our subsequent intervention in Nicaragua would have taken place. It is true that intervention has not followed our recent refusal to recognize General Orellana, who forcibly assumed power in Guatemala. On the contrary, Orellana has since resigned. But his *coup d'état* did not have local support; and, regardless of the 1923 treaty, the Department was justified in withholding recognition. Nevertheless, the time may well come when a really popular revolution will take place in one of the Central American countries. Will the United States attempt to suppress such a revolt in the name of the 1923 treaty? Hitherto, an anti-revolution policy toward Central America has been justified on the ground that it was necessary to safeguard the Panama Canal. But since we have now allowed revolution to take place in Panama itself, this justification falls to the ground. If the relations of the United States and Latin America are to be placed upon a friendly basis, the 1923 recognition treaty must be modified and the people of Central America must be allowed to work out their own problems in their own way.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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The Bank of United States

I. *Using Depositors' Money for Insiders' Profit*

A banker should never accept personal profit from any of the bank's transactions with its customers. A banker should not use the cash or credit of his bank for the promotion of his own personal business enterprises or of concerns in which he is largely interested. He should only sell or recommend for investment to his customers securities of the highest character and never anything of a speculative nature or securities of any concern in which he has a personal interest or for personal profit.

A certain noblesse oblige, an obligation of honorable and generous behavior in the sight of God and man, is impressed upon all those who bear the name and wear the badge of this profession.

From the Code of Ethics of the Bankers' Association.

AT THIS moment the district attorney of New York is trying to pin some sort of criminal responsibility on the former managers of the Bank of United States. These gentlemen may or may not have committed a crime. But there is no doubt that the Bank of United States as an institution and as it was constructed was an outrage against banking. Is it not strange, then, that no one in or out of authority seems to be interested in this phase of the scandal? The Superintendent of Banks makes forty-eight recommendations for banking reforms to the legislature. Six of these go to the heart of the deformity which made the Bank of United States episode possible. But oddly enough the newspapers ignore these six proposals. No one discusses them. The comment runs off on other phases of the subject. The bankers ignore them. The official journal of the American Bankers' Association—an excellent and alert trade magazine—appears in print in January at the end of the most disastrous month in the history of American banking and the subject is not mentioned. Instead, there is the inevitable discussion of our delinquent political rulers and the high cost of government.

Many months ago in a series of articles in The New Republic I called attention to another banking adventure quite as bad as the Bank of United States. But no banking official or other banking or government authority betrayed the least interest in the outrageous incident I described. I pictured more or less in detail the operations of investment trusts and the banks tied up with them. Subsequent events brought to the surface a condition in this region of finance which forced some of our oldest banking houses to the very brink of disaster. One old house—Prince and Whitely—was crushed under the weight of those very offenses which I had pointed to. Wall Street was shocked at the disastrous result of those offenses. What, apparently, it has failed to see is that these practices were wrong regardless of the result to the bankers. No one, up to this moment, has indicated the slightest intention of doing anything about it. The Attorney General's office investigated certain charges that investment trusts dealt in their own stocks, but gave them a more or less general bill of health. Yet everyone knows that many of them, as well as the banks, have done this, just as the Bank of United States did it. Is any official body going to have a look into the operations of the over-the-counter market which make the disgraceful and deceptive pegging of financial stocks possible? But after all, that is a minor offense, merely one instrument for carrying out the more reprehensible practices of these trusts and their banking allies.

I described an investment-trust operation in Jersey in which the promoter looted a brace of finance corporations controlling four banks. The perpetrator of this enterprise was arrested for perjury, but not for any violation of the banking law. The series of operations by which Bernard K. Marcus and his pals wrecked the Bank of United States were not violations of the banking law. Had they made money—which they might have done if they had been more skillful manipulators—everything would have been all right. They might have grabbed as much of the profits of their adventures as they chose, through the manipulation of a complex collection of corporate affiliates, gambled with the funds of the depositors to their hearts' content and their own enrichment, and as long as they didn't actually wreck the bank, they would have been within the law. The only offense Mr. Marcus, president of the defunct bank, and his associates have committed is the crime of failing. Mr. Marcus went to the district attorney lately, and with tears in his eyes insisted that "these insinuations against his honesty" must cease. At what point do banking operations such as I shall describe here become dishonest? Apparently Mr. Marcus imagines that dishonesty doesn't begin until the bank's officers back a wagon up to the bank's vaults and begin to load the bank's assets into it.

The prosecution of the bank's officers is well enough for the district attorney. The Governor of this state and the legislature have, however, another duty to perform, infinitely more important. It is to make impossible banking practices like the following.

The Bank of United States is a state bank. It was empowered to engage in a banking business and

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nothing else. In 1927 Mr. Marcus and Mr. Saul Singer, executive vice-president of the bank, established the City Financial Corporation. The Class A stock was sold to the public. The Class B stock was sold to the insiders. The public buying the Class A stock supplied the money. What the promoters paid for the Class B stock is not yet known, save that it was very little. But the Class B stock got the *entire voting power.*

Mr. Marcus now proceeded to bring the Bank of United States and the City Financial Corporation together. Here is the way he did it. He first organized the Bankus Corporation. There were 89,334 shares of bank stock worth $100 a share. The shares were split four for one. This made 357,336 shares worth $25 a share. Then an additional 357,336 shares of bank stock were issued.

Now each holder of bank stock subscribed to one share of Bankus Corporation stock. The two shares were coupled and reissued to the bank's stockholders as a unit. When this was done the bank's stockholders had 357,336 shares of bank stock and 357,336 shares of Bankus stock issued in single-share certificates. Now there still remained the newly issued additional 357,336 shares of bank stock. These were turned over to the Bankus Corporation. The money for this operation was supplied by the City Financial Corporation. The job, you see, is getting a bit complicated. But please follow it.

The Bankus Corporation now took these 357,336 bank shares and coupled them with an equal number of its own shares, thus making another 357,336 units of bank and Bankus stock. What did it do with these units? It turned them over to the City Financial Corporation. That corporation had 750,000 authorized Class A shares. So Mr. Marcus managed an exchange of shares between the Bankus and the City Financial Corporation. The City Financial Corporation took the 357,336 units of bank and Bankus stock, giving its own shares on the basis of two for one. In other words, it handed over to the Bankus Corporation 714,672 shares. When all these swaps were executed matters stood thus:

The bank's stockholders held 357,336 units of bank and Bankus stock.

The Bankus Corporation held 714,672 shares of City Financial Corporation stock.

The City Financial Corporation held 357,336 units of Bank and Bankus stock.

It is plain to see that now the City Financial Corporation dominated the Bank of United States and the Bankus Corporation. Moreover, the earning possibilities of the City Financial Corporation were now very great if it were managed with adequate shrewdness. But remember first that Mr. Marcus and his friends, holding the Class B stock, dominated the City Financial Corporation and thus held control of the bank. Next, remember that the dividend provisions of the City Financial Corporation were so rigged that the Class B stockholders, who put up little or no money, got the lion's share of the profits. The first dividend of the City Financial Corporation on its Class A stock was $.62½ and on its Class B stock, $1.25.

This, however, was not the end of the process. A new corporation was formed—the Municipal Financial Corporation. Once again we see the ever-present Class A and Class B stock. Of course, practically the entire capital is supplied by the Class A stockholders. They put up about $8,000,000. The Class B stockholders put up about $360,000, if that much. More money was obtained from bonds. The Class B stockholders again got complete control of the corporation, the Class A shareholders being disfranchised. The Class A stockholders paid $50 a share. The Class B stockholders paid $4.50 a share. Here is the way profits were to be divided. Let us suppose the profits to be divided are $6 a share. First the Class A shareholder will get $2.75. Then the Class B shareholder will get $1. After this the remaining $2.25 will be divided equally between them, or $1.12½ each. Here is a tabular statement of the division of profits, based on earnings of $6 a share:

Class A—Invest. $50	—Div. $3.37½	—rate	6.75%
Class B—Invest. $4.50	—Div. $2.12½	—rate	47%

As a matter of fact, the Bankus Corporation, which was in reality the bank, held most of the Class A stock which would get the 6.75 percent. *The bank's trusted officers were the Class B stockholders who would get the 47 percent.*

The important fact now is not that Marcus and his friends made bad loans here and there, but that they started off with this carefully set up manipulation of the bank's powers with the intention of exploiting the bank's funds.

Is this honest? Apparently bankers think it is. It was all within the law. It was a scheme deliberately cooked to deprive the bank's stockholders of a large part of the profits accruing from the management of their funds. The point I am laboring to make is that the failure of the bank was a mere incident. Even if the bank had not failed, and all these affiliates had pursued their appointed courses, the profits arising from all the variety of transactions of the Bankus Corporation and the City and Municipal corporations would have been cleverly detoured from the bank's stockholders to the pockets of the officials. With these three corporations, unrestricted by law and outside of all official scrutiny, the bankers proceeded to organize some fifty-seven other corporations engaged in all sorts of business. It was through these three initial affiliates that they were enabled to carry out their schemes. Is this sound banking? Is there any reason why it should be permitted to exist? One of the chief flaws in permitting it is that it invites into banking the kind of men who run to racketeering in business.

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I want to put these questions to the Governor, to the banking committees of the New York legislature, to the Comptroller of the Currency, who seems to think the only banking reform worth talking about is to authorize regional branch banking —Do you believe that this use of affiliates by banks tends to strengthen them? Do you think bankers organize these affiliates for any necessary banking purpose? Do you not think that they open the door to all sorts of perilous operations, and that they ought not to be allowed to find their way into the hands of bankers who are not excessively scrupulous? If they are a bad thing, if the law at present permits them, should not the law be changed at once to put an end to these practices?

Is it good business to permit trustees to make money dealing with their wards? What would we say if the President named three power-company presidents on the Power Commission; if the Mayor put the manufacturer of street-cleaning apparatus in charge of the purchasing department of the Department of Public Works? Why then should a bank be permitted to have a trust company or an investment trust on one side buying stocks and bonds and a security company on the other side selling stocks and bonds? Is this not a violation of a well established and universally accepted principle of honest dealing? What sound reason can be offered against prohibiting banks from having any kind of affiliates? Why not make the bank do all its business as a bank out in the open and under the eye of the bank examiner?

The proposals of the Banking Superintendent to prohibit banks from coupling their stocks with those of other corporations; limiting the investment of bank funds in the stocks of other corporations; prohibiting the bank's officers and employees from borrowing from the bank and prohibiting the bank's officers from becoming officers in any company selling securities, should be passed at this session of the legislature, and the same rule should be applied to national banks. The Code of Ethics of the Bankers' Association is explicit in its characterization of all these things as reprehensible in the banker. Let us see if there is any energy for the rescue of its own ethical standards in the banking fraternity of New York.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

II. *At City Hall*

A COMMITTEE representing the small depositors of the Bank of United States have come down to City Hall to see Mayor Walker. There are about 35,000 people with deposits averaging $400 who cannot afford the expenses of the Stockholders' and Depositors' Association which is bringing suit against the bank. The Mayor was to have received the committee at two-thirty. At three it is announced from his office that he won't be back till four-thirty, but that his assistant, Mr. Kerrigan, will see them. They are shown into a large colonial room, with five high windows looking out on City Hall Park and the statue of Civic Virtue. White woodwork, slightly shabby blue hangings, festive glass chandeliers, portraits of the mayors of New York and the Marquis de Lafayette and a big furled American flag stood up in a corner. The visitors continue to wait: they are mostly dark, stocky little Jews; they keep their overcoats on and move uneasily around the room, getting up and sitting down in the chairs and forming and reforming in little groups.

Finally Mr. Kerrigan comes in. He is a tall man with well brushed light-brown hair, a soft-fleshed pasty city face, a light-brown suit and well polished brown shoes. Mr. Kerrigan is a sort of understudy to Mayor Walker and he has acquired the Mayor's mannerisms and methods. While M. D. Littman, the spokesman for the committee, is reading his statement to Mr. Kerrigan, the latter is continually raising his eyebrows, cocking his head, looking down sideways on M. D. Littman with a mock-surprised almost humorous eye. The statement read by M. D. Littman demands that the small depositors of the Bank of United States be paid first and in full; that the stockholders be taxed at the face value of their shares ($25,000,000), as the New York law provides, in case the bank funds are insufficient to pay off deposits; that all the property of the stockholders and bank directors be immediately attached; that in the event of the bank's being unable to pay off the small depositors, the city or state float a loan for this purpose; that an immediate investigation be started into the criminal actions of the bank directors and officers and that those found guilty of speculation with bank funds be prosecuted; that the small depositors be provided with halls for their meetings; and that a stop be put to the evictions of tenants who are out of work and have lost all their savings in the bank.

M. D. Littman goes on to request that the city arrange to have more branches opened for the depositors, who, as it is, are obliged to wait in line from six to eleven hours to get the loan of half their deposits at 5 percent (the 5 percent, it has been explained, provided out of consideration for the depositors, who will thus not be humiliated by the feeling that they are receiving "charity": in the event of the money being deposited in trustee, however, they can't get it back even as a loan). M. D. Littman, who is young, self-respecting and determined, describes to Mr. Kerrigan how his wife had caught cold standing in line and had had to go home, how, when he himself had reached the window, they wouldn't loan him the two hundred dollars which he had hoped to get back on his four hundred,

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because he didn't have his wife's signature, and how his wife has since come down with pneumonia. He also complains of the behavior of the police. He says that they took money to push people into places in the lines further ahead than they belonged. (There were also the racketeers who got places early at the head of the line and then sold them to the depositors for five dollars apiece.)

And at the time of the original runs, though the cops tried at first to be persuasive, assuring the depositors that they were perfectly safe and saying, "I only wish I had my money in that bank!"—as the hours went on and the crowd got impatient and indignant, they began to charge the lines on horseback. At the Freeman Street branch in the Bronx, on a day when it had been raining and some of the depositors had organized a special line and announced their intention of going to protest to the directors, the police had beaten them up: one of the men in the committee had been knocked unconscious and a woman sixty years old had been kicked and clubbed and finally arrested. (The president of the Public National Bank and Trust Company has sent the police a $500 tip "in appreciation of police cooperation" in connection with "uneasy depositors.")

"I esk you," says M. D. Littman, "here's a run on a bank where not a single disorderly act is committed, not a window is broken!—and while the stockholders and the big depositors get Max Steuer, who is so good at defending criminals, to defend their interests, us poor buggers get beaten up by the police and called foreigners and Reds!"

The Tammany way of dealing with people is special, different from that of the ordinary public official. You must never answer the humblest citizen curtly or put a distance between yourself and him. You may yourself be a man about town, you may be able to afford a more expensive night life than the Brooklyn cloak worker or the Bronxville furrier; but you must treat him with geniality and sympathy—you are both citizens of the sidewalks of New York. "I know," says Mr. Kerrigan frankly, with the air of an informal after-dinner speech, "that the Mayor has been very seriously concerned about this—we've got one and a half millions in the bank ourselves.—Of course, the difference is that we're not being evicted from our houses—and we're not in a position where we can't pay our bills—but it's just as much to our interest as yours to see that things are straightened out.—As for the police beating people up, this is the first complaint of that kind we've had.—That'll be stopped." A happy idea occurs to him. "We've heard of the police taking people *out* of the line where they *didn't* belong and putting them back where they did—and they did that because it was—the right way to do—but we've never heard about this—other thing."

Mr. Kerrigan scans the statement. "We can't do anything about these first requests," he says. "The whole thing is up to the state. As I say, the city's got money involved, too.—I think that Mr. Steuer can do more for you than we can.—We can't float a loan. . . ." "If it was an earthquake or a flood," insists M. D. Littman, "the city would float a loan right away—and isn't this as serious as an earthquake—a million people's lives affected by the failure of one bank—a sixth of the whole population of the city!" "But," replies Mr. Kerrigan, "an earthquake is an act of nature, whereas this—" After a second's pause he comes out with it frankly, informally, in a low, grave, definite voice—the custodian of their common interests confessing to the people the worst he knows—"is the act of a lot of crooks."

As for their holding meetings, however, he goes on, that can be arranged—. At one of their meetings, says M. D. Littman, somebody threw a stink bomb—"we don't want to say that anybody had it done, but. . . ." "We had one down here the other day," says Mr. Kerrigan amusingly, referring to a tear-gas pistol which Chief Magistrate Corrigan had happened to be carrying—the Chief Magistrate has lately been involved in an investigation of the vice racketeers—and which had gone off in his pocket in the course of a consultation with the Mayor. "It was an accident, but it worked!" "We get called foreigners and Reds," persists M. D. Littman, "because we try to get our money back, but the Nordics in the Stockholders' Association want theirs back just as much as we do."—Mr. Kerrigan tries to raise an amiable laugh by turning aside with a laugh to the company in Jimmy Walker's best after-dinner manner—and in any case puts an end to the interview.

"I'll go now and send you somebody from the Board of Education," he says. "He'll arrange so that you can hold your meetings in a public school."

EDMUND WILSON.

Cocks

Ere light grew a cock crew; the startled Night, all ear,
Harked to the caught-up challenge of one chanticleer,
Unguessable wraiths of sound that linked her heart with fear.

Down long miles and long files the cocks that dodge all telling
Crew out their password in their starry sentineling
From moving camp to camp in Time where man is dwelling.

As sound swelled, and Night held her breath in fear profound,
Behind the pasts upspringing at the spreading sound
She heard the ghosts of cocks, the first to tread the ground.

And behind us, and beyond them who passed the challenge on,
She heard the first brave singing of the men who shone
By camp fires, sworn to battle till the dark were gone.

O glad was Night, as Silence settled flake by flake
On dark that slabbed men down—so ponderous and opaque
It seemed no wedge of morning gold would ever break.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

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What Does the Pope Want?

THE POPE is probably the most influential individual in the world, with respect to the bearing of his ideas and words on personal conduct, and on the approving or guilty conscience that accompanies conduct. It is highly important, therefore, that when he expresses himself on any vital topic his message should be clear, comprehensive and unequivocal. His recent encyclical on Marriage and the Family gives every evidence of meticulous and deliberate care in its preparation. One would expect it, accordingly, to leave no possibility of doubt as to its meaning on essential points. It is a very striking fact, consequently, that one of its most conspicuous features in one section at least—that which deals with birth control—is vagueness.

Let me disclaim at the outset any intention to argue with the Pope, or to attempt to prove any of his positions wrong. Anything of that sort would be futile. Much of the document rests upon grounds that are quite apart from argument or demonstration in the ordinary sense of those words. A very large portion of the Pope's utterances are pure assertion, and he can always support any statement by reference to some Church authority, or, failing that, to God Himself. "A characteristic of all true followers of Christ, lettered or unlettered, is to suffer themselves to be guided and led in all things that touch upon faith or morals of the holy Church of God, through its supreme pastor, the Roman Pontiff, who is himself guided by Jesus Christ our Lord." All that is contemplated in the present article is to seek to analyze the Pope's statements in the light of his own attitudes, and to show how far they fall short of entire conclusiveness.

The first point to be noted on which this uncertainty displays itself is the Pope's attitude toward family limitation by means of marital continence. This has long been a murky region in the realm of Roman Catholic doctrine. There is a widely prevalent impression that the Church does not disapprove of this type of conduct, and that its vigorous condemnation is reserved for those means of limitation which are described as "mechanical," "artificial" or "unnatural"—in short, contraceptive devices or practices. Ample support for this view can be found in highly authoritative Catholic documents. But equally emphatic and positive statements to the contrary occur in equally authentic Catholic writing.

There is a book by Father T. J. Gerrard entitled "Marriage and Parenthood: The Catholic Ideal." It bears the Archbishop's imprimatur, and the "Nihil Obstat" of the official censor. There can be no doubt, therefore, of its authority. The author explains that in addition to His "intrinsic glory," God "has chosen to surround Himself with an extrinsic glory. He has created creatures to give Him honor and praise. And the greatest honor and praise of this kind which can be given Him is that of men. . . . God, therefore, having provided this great happiness for His creatures, He wishes as many as possible to avail themselves of it. In this way He obtains His greatest external glory. The greater the number of the elect, so much the richer is the music of nature's hymn of praise. . . . To hinder the course of nature, therefore, is to interfere with God's plans. . . . A diminution of the number in the children of the Church is a diminution of the Church's collective faith, and love, and holiness. It is a diminution, too, which reacts on the parents, for since they have willfully lessened the number of subjects of faith and love and holiness, they have willfully lessened their own faith and love and holiness. They have lessened the chances of their own salvation."

In like vein, an editorial in America, a Catholic Review, for March 3, 1917, comments on the intention recommended by Pope Benedict XV for that month to the League of the Sacred Heart. "He has put before the millions of associates in the League as a subject of their united prayer, as a rule for their personal guidance and as the goal of Christian hope the very important intention, 'large and holy families. . . .' The official spokesman of Christianity has reaffirmed the truth. . . . Let the Gentiles say what they will; birth control is an abomination."

The present Pope is so taciturn on this subject as to be almost noncommittal. His sole reference to marital continence is purely parenthetical: "First consideration is to the offspring, which many have the boldness to call the disagreeable burden of matrimony and which they say is to be carefully avoided by married people, not through virtuous continence (which Christian law permits in matrimony when both parties consent), but by frustrating the marriage act." Nowhere in the encyclical does the Pope display the slightest admiration for this form of continence; at best, it appears to be a concession to human frailty. He expresses the most tender regard for the wife who risks health and life in unrestrained child bearing, and is "deeply touched by the sufferings of those parents who, in extreme want, experience great difficulty in rearing their children." But there is not a word of praise for those parents who avoid extremes of these kinds by the exercise of a prudent self-control.

On the other hand, the Pope says, "But Christian parents must also understand that they are

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destined . . . to propagate and preserve the human race on earth . . . that the worshipers of God and our Savior may daily increase." It may therefore be inferred that in this particular the Pope follows his predecessors in disapproving any form of family limitation. But inference is not enough. On a matter of such importance the head of the Church should speak in clarion tones. Is all marital continence a departure from the ideal? Or is some marital continence desirable, and if so, how much?

What does the Pope want in the matter of continence?

Another source of bewilderment is the Pope's use of the concepts of "nature" and "natural." There is no doubt, indeed, about his unreserved acceptance, like most Catholic writers, of these concepts, at least in their verbal forms, as the final touchstone of conduct. In this respect he almost identifies them with divinity itself. With approval he quotes his predecessor of happy memory, Leo XIII: "It is a divinely appointed law that whatsoever things are constituted by God, the author of nature, these we find the more useful and salutary the more they remain in their natural state, unimpaired and unchanged. . . . But if the audacity and impiety of men would change and disturb this order of things, so providentially disposed, then indeed things so wonderfully ordained will begin to be injurious, or will cease to be beneficial." Similarly he reiterates the "immutable and inviolable doctrine that matrimony was not instituted or restored by man, but by God . . . the author of nature, and by Christ our Lord by whom nature was redeemed."

The Pope is at least consistent in his application of this doctrine to the various problems touched upon in the encyclical. But his interpretation of it in the matter of birth control is amazing. The normal sexual relation between a man and a woman in modern society divides itself into three phases: first, a genuine affection that leads them to desire marriage; second, a mutual and wholesome impulse to intercourse after marriage; third, the union of the germ cells and the succeeding processes that lead to the birth of a child. There are thus three processes—the process of courtship and marriage, the process of intercourse, and the process of conception and gestation. Each of these—accepting the Pope's conception of marriage as a "natural" institution—is strictly natural. The first two are psychological, the third, biological.

Now the striking fact is that the Pope raises no objection to the frustration of either of the two psychological processes. He says not a word against the denial of a fervent desire for marriage—it would be difficult indeed to imagine the Pope condemning celibacy. He does not forbid the thwarting of the marital urge toward intercourse; it is at least "permitted." But any interference with conception or pregnancy is anathema.

Thus we reach the astounding conclusion that of the three natural phases of the sex relation the only one for which the Pope displays an unqualified solicitude, the one which he regards as strictly inviolable, is a simple biological sequence which is not even distinctively human, but which is virtually identical among guinea pigs, toads and earthworms.

The lay mind is simply left in a maze by all this talk about "natural." If the words of Leo XIII were to be taken literally, it would mean, among other things, the abandonment or demolition of every hospital, every church, every monastery in the world, winding up with St. Peter's and the Vatican.

In the course of gratifying the natural instinct of hunger, particles of food become lodged between one's teeth. If nothing is done about it, these particles decompose, causing the teeth to decay. This is a perfectly natural process, just as natural as impregnation and gestation. Must we, therefore, give up the use of toothbrushes and dental floss?

What does the Pope mean by "natural?"

Another remarkable feature of the Pope's analysis is that he completely disregards motive as a criterion of conduct. In accordance with ordinary Catholic doctrine he insists that the primary purpose of the sexual equipment, and the fundamental justification for the sexual act, is the production of offspring. The non-hieratic mind, accordingly, would rather expect him to condemn, or at least deplore, intercourse that was indulged in not because offspring were wanted, but for the sake of personal pleasure. But not at all! There is no condemnation, but rather an implicit encouragement of intercourse, regardless of the motive, just so long as nothing is done to interfere with the birth of as many children as "nature" may decree, whether those children are desired or not. He says, "Nor are those considered as acting against nature who in the married state use their right in the proper manner, although on account of natural reasons either of time [does this refer to pregnancy, lactation and the "safe period"?] or certain defects, new life cannot be brought forth. For in matrimony as well as in the use of the matrimonial rights there are also secondary ends, such as mutual aid, the cultivating of mutual love and the quieting of concupiscence, which husband and wife are not forbidden to consider so long as they are subordinated to the primary end and so long as the intrinsic nature of the act is preserved."

What does the Pope mean by "subordinated?"

As far as can be determined in the face of these various uncertainties, the general tone of the encyclical seems to be in favor of unrestrained increase of population. To the personal consequences of such multiplication, or of the effort to avoid them without birth control, the Pope gives scant attention; to the social consequences, none. Is it possible that he is ignorant of them? Is he unaware

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of the neurosthenic disorders, insanity and other mental ills that are certain in many cases to follow upon the effort to observe continence, while participating in the emotional, spiritual and physical intimacies of married life where true love exists? Is he blind to the dangers of auto-eroticism, homosexuality and various other irregularities the incentives to which are greatly augmented by such attempts at exaggerated self-restraint? Does he, in his enthusiasm for the preservation of the married state, forget that one of the surest factors in the breakdown of happy family life is the continuous thwarting of a healthy, legitimate and truly natural impulse, with all the discontents, dissatisfactions and frictions that follow? Perhaps not. Perhaps it is a recognition of these dangers, in addition to his desire for rapid increase, that leads him to give such lukewarm approval to continence. The physical and economic penalties of too large families, as we have seen, he recognizes, commiserates, and then dismisses with what looks to an outsider like considerable complacency.

But what of the social consequences? Is he unaware that one of the universal causes of war has always been overpopulation? Has he never comprehended the relation between density of population and poverty, disease, crime and the standard of living in general? Is his mathematical ability insufficient to enable him to project the rapid rate of population increase which he desires half a dozen generations in the future? On all these questions he is silent. Or is he misled by the work of certain statisticians, particularly his fellow countryman Professor Corrado Gini, into the belief that a biological change is taking place in the human species which will of itself preclude any undue increase of the race? Gini's method of procedure is to take account of the declining birth rate in various sections of the world—in Italy itself, for instance, where it has decreased from 36.9 in 1868-72 to 33.3 in 1898-1902, and 26.6 in 1927-1928, and to examine any demographic factors that might account for the phenomenon. Failing to find such, and discounting the prevalence of birth control, particularly in the Catholic countries, he thereupon concludes that the explanation must be biological. But he presents practically no biological evidence, and the possibility that he might be mistaken about the existence of birth control would vitiate his whole conclusions. The reproductive equipment of the human species is very sturdy, and has apparently remained undiminished for a good many hundreds of thousands of years. It is hardly likely that within a generation or two it should suffer such a deterioration as to account for the recent fall in the birth rate.

In an earlier article in The New Republic I called attention to the fact that human population must be checked in some way, and that there are four points at which the check may be exerted. For the purposes of this discussion, this number may be increased to five: before marriage, which is the way of asceticism, between marriage and intercourse, which is the way of marital continence, between intercourse and conception, which is the way of birth control, between conception and birth, which is the way of abortion, and after birth, which is the way of nature. The Pope abhorrently discards birth control and abortion, and gives a grudging recognition to continence. Asceticism he doubtless approves of, but can hardly expect it to be effective on a large scale, and would probably be dismayed if it were. His one ardent enthusiasm is for the way of nature. And what does that mean? It means a continuous production of offspring approximating the maximum physiological capacity of the females in a world of limited resources, with an eventual stationary population, living on the bare margin of survival and kept at an equilibrium by a death rate always equaling the birth rate, and an infant mortality falling short of totality by only a few percent.

Does the Pope really want us to follow the law of nature? HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Two American Boys in the U. S. S. R.

The two American boys who are the authors of this series of letters have been working for about a year in Russia, Robin Kinkead as assistant to an American newspaper correspondent in Moscow and his brother David as an English teacher. The letters, addressed to their family, were written without thought of publication. This is the sixth and last instalment of the series.—THE EDITORS.

A FUNNY thing is happening here now. I noticed this morning on the trams that the conductors didn't have any change, so that the people who only had paper money had either to borrow two kopecks from somebody or get off and walk. As the day went on I found more and more places that were out of small change until by evening it seemed as though there were no longer any change in all Moscow. There are long lines of people waiting in stores for someone to come along and buy something with small change so that the storekeeper will be able to give them return change for paper money. There are only two things one can do: one must buy things in big enough amounts so that the total charge comes out in round figures of a ruble, or one must buy *abonnements*. These are little booklets which one buys for five or ten rubles filled with little tickets of one, five, ten, twenty-five and fifty kopecks'

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value. You can use these little checks as money in any of the coöperative stores or kiosks. They not only save you the necessity of carrying change about in your pocket, but also the bother of standing in line at the cashier's desk.

I see more pregnant women here than I ever saw anywhere else in all my life. It seems as though about every third woman I see is on her way to the lying-in hospital. I think I told you that they have children at the rate of three million a year here. People often hold up France as the horrible example of a country where birth control is allowed, but here they even have articles about it in women's magazines with illustrations (I saw one such article so I know whereof I speak), but they go right on having babies at an alarming rate so I guess that argument doesn't hold water. They like children here too. Whenever a woman gets on a street car with a baby everyone around becomes interested and smiling right away. If the baby begins to cry the people in the near-by seats, far from being annoyed, go to quite some trouble to make it stop, making themselves very ridiculous in an attempt to amuse the screaming mite. D. K

I have found a pretty good place to swim. It is at the "Club Dynamo." The name has no connection with an electric plant; they just call it that to give the impression of energy and all that. They are fond of that sort of thing—it is a popular rage. This is the club of the GPU, the state police, political and secret. It has several buildings where there are a restaurant, club room and dressing rooms for men and women—these latter are a great innovation and much better than dressing and undressing on the bank. They have floats in the water that mark off three pools. One is for water polo, another for beginners and poor swimmers, and another—fifty meters long and marked into lanes with floating corks—is for swimming contests. The only trouble with it is that the ends where you plant your feet when you turn are slippery and don't give you a good shove-off. There are two diving boards and a couple of diving platforms, although there is a sign saying that it is strongly against the rules to use them unless you are a member of the diving team. It is by far the best sporting club in Moscow. Behind the buildings are four tennis courts, and a small outdoor gymnasium with a horizontal bar, a trapeze, a springboard, and a pit filled with shavings where you can wrestle.

The tennis players give me a pain. I have been to the courts four times and have seen only two fellows playing a real game. The rest of the time they just volley the ball back and forth and then say they have been playing tennis. They are like that in sports because sport is so new to them. Dak and I started wrestling on the sawdust one day and had just got ourselves well covered with it when a guy came rushing out of a building carrying a sheet. We spread it out and kept on. The guy was husky and had a professional look about him. He wanted to wrestle us, and we were willing, notwithstanding our poor condition from a winter of no training. But when we came to discuss it, we found that they don't wrestle the American way here, but do what they call the "French wrestle," in which you can't use your legs or twist a guy's arm and a lot of things like that. This deprives me of my favorite grip—the scissors. Well, this fellow found someone else to wrestle with and threw him all over the place, while Dak and I reduced ourselves to a state of sweat and exhaustion on a corner of the mat. R. K.

Al and I got up at five o'clock yesterday morning to go to a place about sixty kilometers out of Moscow where little Boris is camping. We got to the station at six and were a bit sore at ourselves because the train was not scheduled to leave until six forty-five. We thought we would step right up and buy tickets without having to stand in line because we were only going on a little local train. When we got in the station we saw a hell of a long line waiting for tickets and chuckled to ourselves and felt a bit superior because of these poor people who had to stand hours in line to get tickets to their distant stations. We laughed too soon. To our dismay we found that the long line was waiting for tickets on our train. So I put my man Al in line and he didn't get tickets until just about two minutes before the train left. We got seats by a window and had a nice two-hour ride sticking our heads out and looking at the flowers and trees and grass most of the way. I took a couple of books along to read but didn't read them. The countryside was nice, but I didn't like the villages and farmhouses. All the buildings looked old and tumbled down, as though human beings had once inhabited them but had long since left and gone off somewhere else. Two mothers from the same house were going out to see their little ones at the camp and sat and talked with us all the way, which was bad because they were not at all interesting.

We got off at the little town of Bogorotsk (if the name makes any difference) and started walking to the camp which was about a kilometer away. We met Boris coming to meet us about halfway and he looked nice and brown and happy and healthy. The camp is a very nice place in among a lot of nice green trees. A little way off there is a river that the kids can swim in. One bad thing about it from my point of view is that they sleep in a house, but I suppose they have to on account of the rain. It is a nice house though, and Al says that it was undoubtedly the "*dacha*" of some rich merchant before the revolution. It has three big main rooms. Little beds are lined about perpendicular to the walls of each room at intervals of about three feet. Two of the rooms were filled with boys and one with girls, about seventy kids in all. We were there on visitors' day so they didn't have the regular schedule. The regular

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schedule, as far as I could gather, goes about like this. They rise at seven and after hoisting and saluting the flag (a practice which I thoroughly dislike but which seems to be necessary, at this period at least) eat breakfast. After breakfast they have a "dead hour," which means that they have to sit around and rest for an hour while their food digests, and then they run around and play until lunch. They eat lunch in town at a lot of special little tables they have fixed for them in the backyard of a restaurant. The lunch consists of soup, some kind of meat and vegetable and dessert of stewed fruit or something similar. They eat in town because they figure somehow that it is cheaper and easier that way. Anyway it gives them a bit of variety which is a good thing. After lunch they come back to camp and have another "dead hour" and then swim and run around as they did in the morning. At four they have tea and bread and butter. After tea I'm not sure just what they do. Anyway at seven they have supper. After supper they lower and salute the flag and then have an hour or so of reading and then bed. Each room has its Lenin corner. They have a little bugler that calls rising and going-to-bed hours, meals, swimming periods and so forth. All the kids looked brown and plump and happy. Taking it all in all, it is very much like a boy-scout camp. The food is a bit worse, the discipline is lighter. Al and Boris and I spent the day dressing and undressing to go in swimming and to get out again. The water was fine and deep in some places and shallow in others and pretty clean everywhere. The little boys wore tights or nothing at all and swam in one place and the little girls wore bathing suits or tights or, if they were undeveloped, nothing at all, and swam in another place about fifty yards away. Neither group seemed at all conscious of the other. We took a little walk through the woods and looked at wild flowers and mushrooms and green things and rowed for an hour and a half on the river. It cost thirty kopecks an hour to rent the boat. Besides that we swam and ate and lay in the sun. A thoroughly enjoyable little outing.

Now that X—— and his wife have their car they ride out in the country now and then and have interesting experiences. The other day they were driving along a road a little way out of Moscow when they came on a group of peasants pulling a cow covered with a white sheet along in a wagon. The peasants waved at X—— to drive off the road while they passed. When he came to the next town he asked an old woman there what on earth was the idea of dragging a cow along the road wrapped in a sheet. The old gal was very shocked to hear this and said "Oi! Oi!" several times. She said that now that the Bolsheviks had done away with God, the people were reverting to paganism. The peasants, it seems, were taking the cow out to a crossroads where they would spray its milk to the four winds hoping that the god of rain would see this and be so ashamed that the people had to use good cow's milk to wet the land that he would send rain. It so happened that it rained like hell that very night.

X—— stopped in at another place to buy milk. Some old peasant women were talking about there being no rain. One of them said that now that the Bolsheviks had done away with God there was no way of getting rain any more when you wanted it. Then one of them suggested that perhaps if they could get word to the Bolsheviks somehow, perhaps they would send rain. They asked X—— if he would be good enough to carry that message to them when he went to Moscow and he promised that he would.

D. K.

I am planning to take a flying trip to Warsaw. It takes only twenty-four hours to get to Warsaw from here; the distance isn't much greater than that from Los Angeles to San Francisco. I have enough rubles on hand to do it. I don't recognize myself at all, lately, because I seem always to have some money lying about. I suppose it is because of the simple spartan life I lead. I want to go to Warsaw for two reasons: for one thing, the soles of my one pair of shoes are shot to hell; water leaks into them whenever I walk on a wet sidewalk, dust comes in and dirties my socks and stones hurt my feet in the thin places. Now, here they have such a thing as shoes, but you can't buy any because they are all sold out. If you want your shoes half-soled it takes a month, an actual month. Meantime, I couldn't go barefooted. I can't even buy sandals or canvas shoes in this country. I tried to buy canvas shoes when they had them but couldn't find any big enough. Another thing is that the Russian women use some kind of acid, or soap that is as strong as acid, to wash our shirts, and the collars are all gone on a lot of them so I am pretty low. I'll restock on shoes, shirts, writing paper, shaving cream, pencils, ink; fix my fountain pen, get a couple of new pipes, some new neckties and a pair of riding breeches for Dak to wear with his Russian boots in Warsaw. Also I shall observe what life is like in a more or less European city, and shall be able to evaluate life here better. Just now I have an idealized conception of that other life, but I think that if I live it for a few days I shall find that it really doesn't make much difference. That will make me easier in my mind and more content with life here.

R. K.

I saw old Bob off to Warsaw at nine-thirty in the evening. I know of nothing more absolutely and completely depressing and dampening to the spirits than to see someone off on a long trip. We came a little early and stood about outside watching people take leave of one another. Exactly on the stroke of nine-thirty the old train slowly crept out of the station and left nothing but bare tracks where it had been. A couple of people tagged after it a bit, but it soon disappeared and then it

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seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. I felt as though I ought to go somewhere and see someone exciting, but I couldn't think of anyone so I came home. D. K.

I got here [Warsaw] Thursday night and ever since then have been bombarded with new sensations and thoughts and experiences. My perspective has changed entirely through my six-months' stretch in Russia and I look on familiar things with a new eye and at a different angle. Formerly I had nothing to compare them with, but now I know what life is like in the raw. Everything has a new meaning for me. I no longer look on food as just something to eat, but as something really valuable that must be fought and planned for.

I have never been gladder about anything than that I took the trip to Russia. The six months there has taught me more about life, about human beings and my own attitude toward life than all the years I spent in high school and college. Dak and I were talking just a little while ago in Moscow about what to answer when young people ask our advice about coming to Russia, and we decided that our wise word would be, "Yes, come by all means." Now a lot of them haven't any money and would have to make their own way once they arrived. But we figure that anyone with friends or a family will never starve, and that is the main thing to guard against. They may have a hard time, they may find smooth going, but whichever way it turns out, they are going to have experiences the richness of which they have never dreamed of before, and experiences which will have a profound influence and effect on their lives forever afterwards. R. K.

DAVID AND ROBIN KINKEAD.

Connecticut Valley

ZEBULON TRUMBULL at sixty-five is like a cider barrel set on two short legs. His girth is tremendous; so is his strength. He can lift the rear axle of a Buick unaided. He can lift a fifty-gallon barrel full of cider, but he won't take a drink of it afterwards, not even to slake his thirst. Years ago his only brother died of drinking cider.

Zebulon Trumbull has no children. The money he inherited year by year, as branch by branch the Trumbull family died out, will eventually go to his wife. If she is no longer alive, it will go to his second cousin in Bridgeport.

On the 400-acre farm that his great-grandfather bought from the Indians, he tried for nearly fifty years to make a fortune. He grew tobacco, good tobacco, too, but fertilizer was expensive and all the help were lazy. He ran a dairy with blooded stock, but half his cows were condemned as tubercular. He raised chickens and sold them off; he raised turkeys and lost them to the foxes. He ran a sawmill for two years; then he became a huckster. He traded horses all over the state, till automobiles drove them off the roads; he still boasts that he never got the worst of a bargain. At present he repairs antique furniture and studies the genealogy of his family, which first settled near Providence in 1652. He pores all evening over his one book, a family history; it cost him $25. His hands are scrubbed, so as not to soil its rag-paper pages, but his nails are black and there is dirt in the deep creases of his fingers, dirt that has stayed there forty years, since the days when he hoed tobacco plants in the August sun.

He is not quite used to the electric lights in his new house, nor to the hum of the electric refrigerator in the kitchen. Last year, for a good price, he sold his four hundred acres and moved to town.

Mr. Denison, who bought the Trumbull place, is generous and hurried. His friends tell you that Jim Denison is a good guy, that he deserves his success: God knows he had to work for it. He works too hard; he drinks too hard when he isn't working. He is the best advertising copywriter in New York City. His hands move nervously; his face is gray, deep lined and flabby. Mr. Denison is a middle-aged man at thirty-five.

It was his wife who convinced him that they should buy a farm. She is a homely woman, low voiced and friendly, who dresses in tweeds and has no trouble keeping servants. She used to own a dog, but she felt so bad when he died that she never would have another. She buys antiques—rarely from Zebulon Trumbull, whose prices, she says, are outrageous. With the help of local labor, and some encouragement from her husband, she has remodeled the Trumbull house, painting it a light cream with Chinese-blue shutters and building a pergola where the outhouse used to stand. Last spring she had the carpenter pull down the barn that closed the long view into the valley.

It is a shame, say the Denisons, that the fields below the house are growing up in sweetfern and sumac. They would like to buy sheep to keep down the weeds—but who would care for the sheep during the winter? It's so hard to find help that you can trust, and there are so few natives here in the valley. But isn't it a comfort to have such nice summer neighbors—artists and writers and all that! Sometimes it seems that all the really intelligent people in New York are moving to the country.

The Denisons are known for their hospitality. Every Saturday night they give a party, to which they invite the writers, the painters, the editors, and the Norwegian musician from North Dakota who bought the Levi Adams place. Their invitations are rarely refused. Mr. Denison can mix an insidious cocktail, and there is a barrel of two-year-old Connecticut applejack in his cellar.

Parties at the Denisons are noisy and good humored. Mr. Denison drinks eight or ten slugs of

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applejack; he says they rest him after a hard week at the office. He talks about the novel he would write if he weren't held to his desk—if he had plenty of time like you writing chaps. The writers and painters don't laugh at him behind his back; they kid him to his face like the good fellows they are. The Norwegian musician plays jazz, very intelligent jazz to which nobody can dance. The artists and writers play ping pong, or go for a stroll with someone else's wife. There is a good deal of loose talk, a few dirty jokes are told, not in whispers, but there is no real evil. Everybody is tired of Greenwich Village affairs; everybody is over thirty. Sometimes the crowd plays Anagrams, or Murder, or even old-fashioned Hide and Seek, with the lights out and couples darting over the maple-shaded lawn in the moonlight. About one o'clock Mr. Denison, dead drunk, goes to sleep on the couch. There is the sound of motors starting, and the dirt road is swept by headlights.

I usually walk home from the Denisons' parties. After the last car has passed, the road is very quiet. The country loses its ravaged daytime look: the roofless barns seem whole and the fields well tended. The mullein stalks in the moonlight are like tobacco; the goldenrod might be a ripe field of wheat.

The Casey boys lead an easy life. In the summer they work at their trades, and there is always more work than they can do. In the winter they hunt, or chop wood, or sit by the kitchen stove and drink hard cider.

Joe Casey is fifty-four. He was married once, but his wife left him because she couldn't stand his drinking. Tom Casey, the baby of the family, is forty-nine and has never married. The two boys live with their mother, a woman of eighty who remembers her girlhood in Donegal. Their father's sword hangs over the mantelpiece, its scabbard worn away diagonally at the tip from dragging for two years through the Virginia mud.

The Casey boys often speak of their father. An immigrant boy, he enlisted in the Union army; he rose in two years to the rank of second lieutenant. He came to this Connecticut valley with no baggage except his sword. Here the struggle was longer, but at the end of twenty years he had his own house and his own land free from mortgage. In those days there was joy in owning land, with the valley full of rich tobacco farms, stock farms, dairy farms, and among them fields of dark-green potato plants and light-green oats. The Casey boys are proud of their father: maybe that's the reason they cling to his now untilled land when almost all the Yankee farmers around them have moved away.

Yankee names are disappearing from the valley. The Briggses, what are left of them, now live in Waterbury. Theodore Doane, too feeble to keep a herd of cattle, is staying with his one son, Homer, who runs a garage at the forks of the road. Old Zebulon is the last of the Trumbulls. The Penney tribe, once numerous in the countryside, has vanished; even the Penney houses have rotted into black, weed-grown soil. The Whipples, father and son, live by the sale of milk, eggs, chickens, green vegetables and building lots; their women work till long after sunset; they are saving money against the day when they will all settle in California. "It's so hard hereabouts in the wintertime," they say.

But life is easy for the Casey boys. In the spring, as soon as the cider barrels are empty and the frost is out of the ground, Joe Casey sets to work at his trade; his brother Tom goes fishing. Joe is a mason: he builds fireplaces, terraces and old-fashioned well curbs. Tom is a painter and paper hanger, but he never works till after the trout season is ended. All summer they are busy at good wages; then, in the middle of autumn, Joe Casey sets to work at the cider mill, taking his pay in barrels of cider. Tom Casey goes hunting.

In November, the Caseys put on their best clothes and, more or less sober, go to attend town meeting. There used to be as many as two hundred voters in the town hall; now there are never more than sixty; last fall only thirty men and women assembled from a town which covers nearly fifty square miles. They always talk of old times and high taxes and the price of land. They argue the question of whether to hire a teacher for next year, or whether to send the town's twelve children to the neighboring city by motor bus. They choose a man —always the same—to represent them in the state legislature. They elect a board of assessors to reduce their own taxes and to raise the assessment of the farms bought by what they call the summer people. Then, more or less sober, the Casey boys go home to spend the winter hunting and chopping wood and sitting by the fire. The snow seeps down; the roads are closed to automobiles; only the postman passes three times weekly in his sleigh. "The country looks like itself in the wintertime," Tom Casey says. "It's like when Pop was living," Joe answers as he goes to the cellar for another pitcher of cider.

Early in May, when the arbutus buds are opening in the woods and the roads are dry enough for motor traffic, the summer people come trooping back. There is the sound of opened shutters, of carpets beaten in the yard. The first smoke rises from a dozen chimneys, to mingle with the haze that sleeps over Tory Hill. The housewives lay plans for a rock garden here, for a terrace or a second fireplace; they must get Joe Casey if he's sober, and really the new maid is unbearable. . . . Then, pausing to look at the hilltop, where the oak buds are a smoky green, they say, "Isn't all this beautiful! Aren't you glad we live in this lovely valley!"

During July and August, the summer people travel incessantly along the valley roads. They drive to the Whipples' for milk and eggs, to the Denisons' for a highball, to Green Pond for a

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swim. They have social functions of their own—gin parties, ping-pong parties, barn parties, yes, and musicales—which they attend in force. Over the week end their houses are crowded with guests from the city, who exclaim between two drinks, "Oh, how I envy you this lovely old farmhouse!"—"Yes, isn't the valley beautiful," the summer people agree. Yet there is something purely formal in their agreement, something beyond mere boredom with their guests and irritation at hearing the same statement repeated too often. The summer people are not of this country; their hands are not black with its soil; they do not depend on its seasons or live by its fruits.

In autumn, when the neglected orchards of the valley are heavy with apples, and grapes turn purple on the vines, and the fields are dotted with gentians almost the color of the autumn haze, the summer people prepare to go. They sprinkle moth-balls in the closets, they lock the shutters, they store their bright lawn furniture in the empty barns. Their cars, waiting at the front gate, are piled with suitcases, unfinished manuscripts or paintings, vaseline glass, and the two Hitchcock chairs they bought at such a bargain. For a moment they wait before starting the motor. They look at the hills, where the oaks are changing color, at the fields overgrown with wine-colored sumac; they look down at the blazing maples in the swamp. Somewhere in the woods a hound is baying on a cold scent; the sound of Joe Casey's axe drifts down from the hill. "Isn't the valley beautiful in October," the summer people repeat without conviction. "Aren't you glad we live here," they say as they drive off.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Paris, the Artist

A DEMONSTRATION of the perennial estheticism of Paris was recently on view at the Weyhe Galleries. The work of a little known photographer named Eugène Atget,[1] it passed just previous to his death into the hands of the American Miss Berenice Abbott; and appeared among us a manifestation, infectious as Charpentier's "Louise," of the quality and effect of a life which has drawn and still draws a whole world to the city by the Seine.

Existence itself has a bloom and emanence upon that soil quite comparable to the work of art's: the humblest things have harmony, sweetness and ceremoniousness there. Products, arrangements, expressions of a population ever alive, enjoying, at one with the world no matter how pinched its circumstances, they exhibit the vividness and drama almost unconsciously communicated to them. The twist of the *ménagère's* skirt has it, on her way from the market; the array in the show window of the little corset shop; the order of the chairs in front of the café; the disposition of the sprigs of flowers about the corner stand; the cries of the street vendors; the chic and impressive pose of the *poule* in her doorway.

Art and expression are marvelously in the blood, beginning "at home" in the characteristic arrangement of bottles and baskets, glasses and plates on the middle-class breakfast table; ornaments and plants on the banal homely mantelpiece; foolish little white pillows on the connubial couch. The great architectures seem but the monumental productions of this admirable common gift; accentuating with pompous settings the spontaneous, never ceasing play from which they sprung.

All this is tenderly, loyally registered in Atget's charming prints. They are excellent examples of pictorial photography, not at all incommensurable with the work of Hill, Mrs. Cameron and the other fine *naifs* and primitives of the art; as such, nothing if not the productions of exquisite and characteristic subjects. For Atget, certainly, the matter alone was generative, the camera a pure instrument of record.

As a medium, photography never appears to have had a peculiar pregnancy or animation for him. He did not, it is true, manipulate his prints. There is no trace of gumming or muzzeying in these perfectly straight photographs. There is also no trace of veritable composition in any of them. Objects are represented without tactility. Form and black and white are not isolated. Values are frequently misplaced. Occasionally, a tone, a color, is relevant to the representation. It probably figures quite accidentally. The naïveté, the perfect simplicity of the approach, is constant witness of the fact that the old man had little of the half-material, half-spiritual sense, and the aperture to tactile experience and experience of the relationship of diverse objects, which make photographers experiment with their medium and drive it to capture textures and the vestiges of spirit. He seems quite uncritically to have seen only so many separate, fascinating and symbolical things; streets, show windows, peddlers, flower stands, carrousels, statues, interiors; and to have seized the camera chiefly as a means of catching and holding them in all their charm and meaning.

It was his luck to have them in all the generosity and variety with which Paris, the great collective artist, scatters its expressions. But it was his feat to have discriminated and fixed them with an evergreen delicacy and keenness. Possibly Atget's long association with the theater, for he was an actor before he turned to photography as a handiwork, developed his sense of the effectiveness of the scene, the language of inanimate objects. Certainly, his eye for the enchantment and pathos of old silver-sweating streets, old noble walls and ironwork,

[1] Represented by a disappointing volume of reproductions: Photographs of Paris, by Eugène Atget, with an introduction by Pierre Mac Orlan. New York: E. Weyhe. 30 pages. 97 plates. $7.50.

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groves and courtyards, and for the displays and blazonries of the humble trades and the gayety of ordinary irreverent things, was far in advance of his time. It is said that many of his prints wandered into artists' studios, there to be turned into "works of art" by the sacrosanct processes of the brush. But it could only have been his own bohemianism and year-long *cabotinage* that gave him his wonderful feeling for the unconformable, ragamuffin aspect of the city. His Paris is not merely picturesque. It is picaresque; the grimy Paris of organ-grinders, side-show people and light-o'-loves. He recorded these types and their environments with extraordinary appreciation of their natures, manners, circumstances. His sympathy is especially evident in the charm and unaffectedness of pose of his poor little *poules* in their doorways or among the appointments of their fourth-floor paradises. No one not a confidant could have gotten that of them.

Small wonder that the French government insisted on retaining for purposes of historical reference a number of the more important of his plates! They are indeed a genial and expert record, with their walls and scrolls, cabriolets and street arabs, of a quaint phase of a world transient no less in Paris than otherwheres.

And here they are: the palaces and hovels, the shop fronts and *"petits métiers,"* the street fairs, circuses, old wagons and wintry parks. Or rather, here it is, the treat of Paris, out of the storage spaces of memory, headily recalled as by the fanfares, tattoos and waltz movements of "Louise." The coachmen wear tin hats as they did before the War. The column is checkered with announcements of plays they no longer give, "Chantecler," "Comme ils sont tous." The women wear long skirts and feathered hats and little furry capes. But it is Paris, light air, gay light, eternal fête.—A sky is intimate and soft over the sour-green walls. A magic of green and gold suffuses the boulevards where the chestnuts are in flower. Existence is a boon, even while the clatter and rumble of business rises from streets crowded with a drag-skirt throng.

It is wonderful to walk, to look, though you and I scarcely know what we are eager about, or a-dance from, or why we have the persistent illusion that the ways are decked with bouquets of forget-me-not and heliotrope. Doubtless we are going to see someone's mural triumphs in St. Sulpice, or the slippers in the Cluny, or the Impasse du Dragon, to lunch the better on *écrevisses* and a cold *poularde* washed down with Pouilly or Meursault, before going to St. Cloud. But the sufficient gayety of the brown woodwork at the corner, the ample invitation of the gray light stonework by the Seine! It is Paris: that is all.—Perpendicular piles assault the gritty sky. New York! We have merely been looking into a few of Atget's photographs. Heavens, but they have a power of evocation!

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Washington Notes

The Renomination Bandwagon—Hoover Invictus —Playing Non-Political Politics— Sewing It Up

TO THOSE who watch these things there are some unmistakable signs that the Hoover administration is beginning actively to function with an eye to the Hoover 1932 renomination. Eighteen months in advance of the convention is the date when such activity is usually due. That it has started now in the same old way is interesting largely because of the propaganda describing Mr. Hoover as a non-political President. Non-political, my eye. He is just as much a regular Republican organization executive as was Harding, or Coolidge, and, like his Republican predecessors, he is depending for renomination not upon the overwhelming sentiment in favor of him among party people, because in that event he would not be nominated at all, but upon the party machine, the weight of the federal offices and the control of the National Committee.

The wonder to me is that none of the progressive Republican Senators who are, or ought to be, chiefly interested in rendering Hoover unavailable for renomination, has pointed out some of the more obvious moves on the part of the White House for renomination. If he is renominated, most of the progressives will have to support him. There will be no third party and the alternative of voting for a Wet, New York, Tammany-backed Democrat does not appeal to many of them. Under such conditions their state political situation would compel them to support Hoover and the dose would be very bitter. So far as the progressives are concerned, almost anyone else would be preferable. It is hard to explain why they nourish this intense personal feeling toward the unfortunate man but that the feeling exists is beyond doubt.

The reticence of the Senate progressives on the subject of the present political program of the administration is probably caused by the realization that they cannot prevent Mr. Hoover's renomination and that they can find no available candidate who has the slightest chance of winning. The only other names ever mentioned for nomination are those of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Morrow, but none of the more erudite observers with whom I have come in contact believes that either of these gentlemen has the least intention of permitting any talk of his nomination. On the contrary, Mr. Morrow has already declared for Mr. Hoover and it is generally believed that Mr. Coolidge will do the same and at a sufficient time before the convention to render all talk of "drafting" him sound foolish. He knows, and so do the rest of the politicians, that a President who starts in time can renominate himself regardless of public sentiment. After Taft's renomination in 1912 no one ought to question that.

The point I wish to make is that the good Mr. Hoover, who is so frequently described by his personal publicists as being neither partisan nor "politically minded," has started the campaign for his renomination in ample time. If last week's announcement of the appointment of the district attorney for New York, which came after three months of

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inexcusable delay, was not a piece of renomination politics on the part of the White House, then I have lost whatever small ability I ever had to read the political signs. For it is certainly evident that Mr. Hoover delayed filling one of the most important offices in the country until he received the complete organization endorsement for his man. Moreover, when he did receive that endorsement he made a public announcement of the fact. I believe that a scrutiny of other recent appointments of federal office holders in the various states will reveal that organization endorsement is at present regarded as much more essential than it was a year ago.

I further predict that from now on the White House and Department of Justice will make appointments in the various states with the advice and endorsement of the local Republican National Committeemen and the Republican Senators. If there is no Republican Senator, the White House will seek the endorsement of the party leaders in the state, whether they are members of the House or not. To some extent this has been Mr. Hoover's policy since he entered the White House, though in a number of cases he has made appointments not endorsed and not desired by the local politicians. My contention is that he will not do so any longer, and that the closer we come to the nominating convention, the less chance there is that politicians will be ignored.

I have no complaint about this. It is normal and natural, and I know of no President who has not followed the custom. The point, however, is that we have been told over and over again that there has never been a President who was less likely to play politics and none who knew less about it. That contention now seems ridiculous. For when you consider the degree to which Mr. Hoover is now dealing with the organization politicians not only in New York but everywhere else, when you consider the activities of Mr. Lucas among the practical boys who control the party primaries in various sections, or consider the watchful eye which Postmaster General Walter Brown is keeping on the Southern states, the fact certainly becomes evident enough.

Just to cite one small piece of evidence that seems to have escaped general attention—Perry Howard, the Negro Committeeman from Mississippi, who was prosecuted two years ago by the Department of Justice, denounced with others in a White House statement, and who seemed to be generally discredited, was employed during the recent campaign by the Republican Committee. That sort of thing, I think, is indicative of what is going on in administration political circles. The gentlemen in control of the political end of Mr. Hoover's regime are not idle. They know that the way to put a presidential nomination over is to start eighteen months ahead of the convention. They have started and, barring accidents, they should have things all sewed up long before spring. I repeat again, however, that it is surprising not to hear some comment on this general situation from the progressive Republicans, who are going to suffer most after things are sewed up. Or you might think it would be a not untimely theme for a Democratic discourse.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Philip Goes Forth

Philip Goes Forth, by George Kelly. Biltmore Theater, January 12, 1931.

IT MIGHT not be too academic, perhaps, to mention the fact that in comedy the fullest and last proof lies not in the funny spots and passing contrivances but in the bath of humor and light in which the whole play moves. This suspension in humorous comment and sanity and delight requires, obviously, some basic conception, comment, theory of life. Comedy of any importance is therefore doomed always to be rare, and doubly so in the innocent and hurried world of America. A little more obvious theory notes that among comic passages in a play the lowest in rank gives us the mere joke or epigram itself, the second gives us something that is not only comic but reveals or illuminates character, the first, something that does all that the other two do and also serves the play and the idea.

In all these points Mr. Kelly's earlier comedies like "The Torch Bearers" or "The Show Off" have been notable. They were full of comic instances, they were rich in characters, their whole tone and idea charged their matter with comic life. Detail by detail they were observed, set down, produced on the stage by a dramatist who had learned an old lesson in stage technique, who knew how to put into his scenes the flutter and breeze of our everyday and our little silly moments. In one figure after another these plays made sharp, warm records of character. And to the whole scene and the sound of it he knew how to bring the most lively vibration of reality, such a theater ear as was nowhere else to be found in American comedy. To round it all up, he provided us in "The Torch Bearers" with the best comic instance in all our comedy, the place where the stage-struck amateurs, the ladies especially, who have forgotten everything for the shine of acting, are taking the curtain call and the widow, whose husband's death has forced her out of the cast, comes backstage in her mourning veil and at the last minute cannot resist going on for a bow and some applause. This illustrated all three grades of comic invention, and had, moreover, a fine combination of sting, unanswerable and only too human actuality, and delicious high spirits.

All this has to be said because it was almost inevitable that the author of these particular plays would turn to more serious drama. If he sees so much about his characters and their life and has so much to say about them, he is sure to pass on to plays of another tone and another weight. The next step, then, is that he will be troubled about his models. For the comedy writing there is the easy surface and the heart, too, of the world around him here in America, and there are all sorts of comic pieces and stage tricks to know and follow. In the more serious direction there is less security and success—certainly in realistic drama this is true—and Mr. Kelly turned evidently to foreign models. At least we may say there is a sort of Ibsen approach to the moments that he takes more seriously or solemnly. It is a dangerous model. Ibsen, for all his power in such a play as "The Wild Duck," and for all the moral determination that, with "The Doll's House," began turning the jolly old claptrap theater around and making it look Jeremiah in the eye, escapes

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only in his superior moments a sort of overinsistence, lack of flexibility in tone and monotony of mood that otherwise leave so much of his work parochial and tasteless; I mean taste as the final, last morality of the mind, the flower of knowledge and the soul of the conscience. Nora's last act, Mrs. Alving's first act, to take examples, are almost spoiled by such a limitation in Ibsen's culture and genius.

Mr. George Kelly's new play is spoiled by just such a defect and more of it. There was a single brief moment in "The Torch Bearers"—when the husband has something serious to say about the benefits of the Little Theaters and their interest in drama—where the heavy hand appeared; and from then on, "The Show Off" excepted, in every play the writing at various points has slipped up in the same way, reaching its zenith in that scene of the doctors in "Behold, the Bridegroom," which was unbelievable in its scared sobriety, unnaturalness and strange, prim dullness.

The new play tells the story of a boy who, after an inspiring roommate in college, a deep thinker, who in his turn will never be able to do anything, but will come in time perhaps to be a lecturer, falls out with his father over his dramatic ambitions and goes to New York. He succeeds there in his job, but has no real passion for writing. In the end his father comes and they are reunited and go home again, with a very nice comic invention to close with, when the father, all big, hard business as he is, confesses that once he himself wrote sixteen pages of a play. There are characters from plain, wealthy provincial life, and characters from the boarding-house kept by a once-famous actress. There is a youthful love theme, kept pleasantly in the background when the main points of the play are to be presented—the curtain falls, mercifully, on father and son, not on one of those tritely imitated rapture scenes of young love that the stage likes to repeat. The craftsmanship is careful and expert. There are capital themes, and there are scenes that ought to be remarkable, for their location in the play and their intention are excellent.

But the fact remains that, if Mr. Kelly had not already won himself a place, "Philip Goes Forth" would not be worth writing about, and all for this one reason, this flatness in the serious, this prim and respectful dullness. The fortunes of such criticism as this may be hopeless, but I must wonder what it is that keeps the dramatist from bringing to these scenes in which the down-and-out actress advises the young man, or the young woman talks to his aunt or his father, something of that sharp observation and happy vitality that the earlier comedies had. High seriousness is a fine thing, as everyone since Aristotle has repeated, but every quality carries with it its own special excitement, not any mutings and flattenings and dull insistence. The general sum of "Philip Goes Forth" belongs to stock-company profundity.

Hopeless or not as all this talk may be, I will at least go on to say that the acting did as much as anything else to make the piece dullish and parochial. That heavy attack of the older ladies and the father was appalling. Miss Marion Barney's version of the actress, for instance, a role rich and beautiful in intention though stuffily written, without edge, wit, exactness or passion, was practically suffocating, and was one of the things that most helped to put the play on a mild plane of village endeavor. Calamities in play history can often be laid to the acting, of course; but in this case we must not do that, for Mr. Kelly has had some of these very actors in his previous plays and evidently finds them to be what he wants. The thought is not encouraging.

The hero's part is played by Mr. Harry Ellerbe, a newcomer with a natural gift for realistic acting. The sense of variety and the impression of sincerity are due partly to good training, in Mr. Ellerbe's case under Mr. Stuart Walker at his Cincinnati theater.

The one fine talent, elusive and exciting, in "Philip Goes Forth" is Miss Dorothy Stickney. Whether her poetical speeches are good or not would be hard to say. The dramatist has imagined a poetess, not publicly successful perhaps, but in herself arrived, too sensitive to present herself without tension and an air of flightiness, and has put her in the midst of that boarding-house full of would-be artists, failures, frauds and eternal adolescents. One of the beautiful motives in the play is the boarding-house keeper's recognition that here is greatness, in that fantastic, frail shell, and here is what we kneel to in life. Miss Stickney created a wonderful irony and poignancy. In the visual drawing her performance was extraordinary, to see her come into the room in that mad hat, the black dress, the autumn leaves, is to think of the great modern painters, of Daumier or Forain. To see what she knows about the implications of the part is to be profoundly moved and humbled. She is a "grotesque" in the finest sense.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

From the Italian Ambassador

SIR: Referring to the article which appeared in the January 7 issue of The New Republic implying that the American Department of Labor and the Italian Ambassador have been collaborating to see to it that Guido Serio be deported to Italy for punishment, the Italian Embassy states that the news has no foundation whatever.

NOBILE GIACOMO DE MARTINO.

Washington.

Material on Josh Billings

SIR: I am writing a life of Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw). If any of your readers have letters by, or other information about, the humorist, will they please communicate with me?

Webster Grove, Mo. CYRIL CLEMENS.

What to Do with Your Old Copies

SIR: I never throw away or destroy a copy of The New Republic, but leave them on street cars, buses, or hand same to a friend who might be interested in getting "civilized."

I wonder what other readers do with their old copies?

Cincinnati, Ohio. NICHOLAS KLEIN.

For the Exchange of Ideas

SIR: The University of Chicago Liberal Club would like to correspond and exchange ideas with all other student organizations created for the purpose of the free discussion of all social movements. Interested organizations may communicate with us by writing to Box 162, Faculty Exchange, University of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill. RICHARD B. POLLAK.

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Parrington's America

The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America (1860-1920), by Vernon Louis Parrington. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 429 pages. $4.

THIS THIRD volume of Professor Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought" brings to an incompleted close one of the major contributions to the understanding of American life, conceived and written, withal, in the truly grand manner. Though the author's tragically sudden death occurred before he could quite finish his task, he carried it far enough to put the critical reader in a fair position to judge the adequacy of its fundamental ideas.

The rich and illuminating insight of this book makes it instructive to note a certain vagueness in Parrington's own mind as to the precise character of his task.

Despite the subtitle, "An Interpretation of American Literature," it is inept to view it as a history of literature, even if modeled on Taine's classic work. If six times as much space is devoted to the financial manipulations of Jay Cooke as to the life and work of Henry James, it is because the author *is* throughout primarily concerned rather with the economic and political life of America. Not that Parrington as a professor of English was uninterested or even devoid of special gifts in the field of literary analysis and appreciation. He could in a short paragraph put his finger on the characteristic strength and weakness of an author like Hergesheimer; and in his treatment of Lewis and Cabell he revealed not only the heart of what they have to say but the characteristic manner in which they achieve their results. But more than a teacher of literature Parrington was a Western progressive, with a genuine faith in the old Jeffersonian agrarian democracy. In his effort to show how our geographic expansion and capitalistic economy modified our basic and formative traditions, he gives scant attention to the history of the American heart, taste or imagination. It would perhaps be carrying irony too far to say that in his neglect of the artistic, playful and the purely hedonic aspect of literature—he says practically nothing about the theater, or the literature of the other arts—he is a spiritual descendant of the Puritans. But in any case, though he dares not omit the great masters in the art of letters, literature to him becomes at times synonymous with any printed expression of opinions, whether in textbooks on economics, pamphlets or newspaper editorials, on the controversial issues of politics and public finance.

There is doubtless some advantage in this wider and more realistic perspective. It is certainly refreshing to find that instead of the usual complacent repetition of the old New England pieties, figures like Howells, Hamlin Garland and Willa Cather are discussed in terms of the frontier, the capitalistic system, the New England Brahmin oligarchy, the plight of the farmer and the city workman. And if it is rather startling to find De Leon, Debs and Victor Berger in the plan of a history of literature, it is certainly good to be told that Brahmin darlings like Thomas Bailey Aldrich had narrow social vision, and that respectables like Hay and Godkin were snobs and no better than demagogues. But unless we are unhesitatingly to accept the deterministic dogma in blind faith, we may well doubt whether every branch of literature is thus explained and clarified. Are there not certain moods and emotions which men and women have experienced throughout the ages? And is there not a somewhat mysterious thing called individual genius involved in so expressing these moods and emotions as to constitute great literature which survives the changes of climes as well as of fashions? Many who do not know anything about the economic conditions of America in the days of Walt Whitman or Mark Twain are stirred by their work, even as some of us may be by "The Song of Songs" or "The Arabian Nights." Grant all that Parrington says about Aldrich, Hay and Godkin, still "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Little Breeches" or "Jim Bludso" (which Parrington does not mention) will continue to charm many readers, while even those who admired the editorials of Godkin will not think of rereading them. Do we not have a real difference here between literature and the mere written expression of opinion? Precisely because the book reveals Parrington as such a vital personality, delicate in perception and felicitous in expression as well as robust of faith in the better possibilities of human life, there is real danger in a conception of literature so hazy as to allow the utilitarian to crowd out the artistic or to let that which is useful merely as a means suppress that which is delightful in itself as the heart's desire. Public issues are of undoubted importance, but serious students must not forget that great literature is concerned also with those vital realities of our inner personal life and those enrapturing superpersonal cosmic vistas compared to which the issues of public life are pale and relatively inconsequential.

Professor Parrington's politico-economic progressiveness not only befogs his conception of literature but also prevents him from fully realizing what is involved in any attempts to write of the main currents of thought of any period. For one thing, he did not sufficiently inform himself to do justice to the history of American thought in religion, science, art, education or even law.

Nothing at all is said (or was planned to be said) in this volume on American religious thought, or even on the social and economic significance and effects of our organized religious movements. (The references to religious thought in the earlier volume, e. g., in the chapter on Jonathan Edwards, were regrettably deficient in point of historical scholarship.)

Though like other progressives he insists that science has radically modified American thought, he shows scant knowledge about how and when this took place. In referring to the undoubted influence of Spencer, Parrington exaggerates the scientific attainments and influence of Fiske and underestimates the practical effectiveness of men like Youmans of The Popular Science Monthly. Parrington indeed shows little real appreciation of the continuity of our native scientific traditions from the days of Franklin (whose scientific work is passed over in complete silence in the first volume) to those of Bowditch, Joseph Henry, Benjamin Pierce, Pickering, Willard Gibbs and Simon Newcomb, not to mention more recent names. Certainly it is not knowledge of science or of its American history, but rather a conventional fable, that speaks of "the changing mental attitude that resulted from familiarity[?] with scientific methods, the shift from deductive reasoning to inductive investigation . . . and the slow drift from metaphysical idealism to scientific materialism." (Pages 191-192.) Nor is there one iota of evidence that since 1870 natural science has favored collectivism any more than individualism.

Can we talk of the main currents of American political thought and ignore altogether the prevailing theory of law professed by judges and lawyers and by the academic tradition? If not, the legal opinions of Supreme Court Justices like Waite, Field or S. F. Miller, or of legal writers

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like O. W. Holmes, T. M. Cooley and Langdell, are far more important than most of the political writers who, like Woolsey, came to Parrington's notice. It is a great mistake to regard the American lawyers as a merely professional group. They have supplied not only the legislators and administrators of our country, but, as a most vocal class, they have also supplied the bulk of our public eloquence, the importance and influence of which is not to be lightly disregarded by the historian.

When we come to recent times, we must allow for diversity of opinion as to the relative importance of different writers. But surely no one who wishes to portray the main current of American thought can say that U'Ren is more important or significant than Lester Ward, or that Randolph Bourne or Walter Weyl was more influential than John Dewey. Do these instances represent inevitable human slips in judgment, or are they part of Parrington's bias against thinkers who try to get at fundamentals? I am not sure that the latter suggestion is just to Parrington. But I think it is generally true of our progressive brethren of the democratic faith; they are impatient with those who do not keep in step with the rapid but futile gyrations of the crowd.

The impartiality necessary to distinguish history from propaganda is very difficult of attainment and, in its perfect form, beyond human reach. It is therefore good for the historian to confess his bias, and this our author does with admirable candor. But such candor is not an adequate substitute for historical competence. For all his preoccupation with economics, Professor Parrington did not, alas, always take the trouble to inform himself on his subject matter; and some of his references, e. g., to David A. Wells as "a scholar deservedly distinguished as an economist," or to Bastiat as a left-wing economist like Proudhon or Louis Blanc (page 139), are simply ridiculous. But this is perhaps a minor matter compared with the common tendency to indulge in fanciful *a priori* schematism and to group facts according to some striking epithet rather than any real factual connection. (This, ironically enough, is most often true of those who, like our author, are skeptical of metaphysics or general philosophy.) It is a pretty conceit to characterize the colonial attitude as Calvinistic pessimism, the first half of the nineteenth century as romantic optimism, and the latter part of that century as mechanistic pessimism. But sober history will not bear it. Nor can Walt Whitman be adequately summarized as "the afterglow of the Enlightenment" or Mark Twain as the "backwash of the frontier." Such epithets are engaging and frequently suggestive; but almost always do they hide from us the complexity of the actual. Parrington's fondness for *a priori* schemas certainly led him to exaggerate the influence of the French Enlightenment. The liberalism of Jefferson and even of Tom Paine was predominantly British in origin, derived from Locke and the eighteenth-century deists (whose real strength in colonial America our author did not fully appreciate). *A priori* schemas also prevent our author from dealing adequately or even justly with American sociology, the social settlements and the uplift movement.

A notably generous and at times incisive thinker, Professor Parrington is not often a close reasoner. Thus, he speaks of the election of 1896 as the final and definite defeat of the American agrarians, betrayed into an alliance with the Democratic party. This is a superficial and misleading judgment. The main demand of the agrarian movement, for cheap money, was certainly met in the ensuing era of higher prices (and though this came to pass mainly through purely economic causes, the aid to the farmers through irrigation works and the service of the various scientific bureaus of the Department of Agriculture in the Roosevelt regime helped to increase farm products and make them more marketable). Nor did the political demands of the Populists fail. The initiative, referendum and recall did get into the government machinery of our Western states, and parcels post and postal-savings banks became part of our federal government service. In time, also, came popular elections of United States Senators and a graduated tax. Indeed, none of the constitutional amendments or major pieces of legislation of the last generation, with the possible exception of the Federal Reserve Act, can be said to be purely capitalistic in origin. The manufacturing interests were able to defeat the proposed child-labor amendment only when they succeeded in getting the farmers to join them.

It is well to insist on the reality of rural influence. It is still dominant even in industrial states like New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, which have their capitals in relatively small towns. The facts are squarely against the myth that the country is ruled by the capitalist class alone. The bankers had nothing to gain from our last tariff legislation, and their desire for greater participation in European affairs has been balked by rural opposition.

Similarly it is not true that it was the capitalist interests alone which designed the constitutional restraints to thwart democracy and to give lawyers and judges the power to protect the interests of the propertied classes against those of the general public. Jeffersonian Democrats even more than Hamiltonian Federalists desired restraint on the power of the government. It was part of their faith in the *laissez faire* philosophy. And in our own day the rural attitude provides a good deal of the backbone of the judicial veto on welfare legislation for the city worker. The opposition between city and farm workers can well be seen in their respective votes for Governor Smith in 1928.

There are two good reasons for dwelling on the limitations of this book:

In the first place, those who share Parrington's faith in the traditional American liberalism (or, if you please, eighteenth-century Jeffersonian democracy) must be on guard against hurting a good cause by hazy inconsistencies and other obvious weaknesses in its defense. It would be somewhat unfair to call Professor Parrington an intellectual Senator Borah or Norris. He is so much more alert and free from middle-class complacency and conventional taboos. Indeed, to an amazing degree for an American writer, he realizes the havoc wrought by preoccupation with moral judgments when understanding is what is required. Yet, like Western insurgent leaders, he is not free from a characteristic insularity and subjection to provincial sentiments which often prevent him from thinking things through in a thoroughly cosmopolitan manner.

But in the second place, this is a book whose faults must be pointed out with some emphasis precisely because its merits are so obvious on every page that the sympathetic reader is likely to be carried away by enthusiasm and to lose his critical caution. But I cannot close without repeating my homage to the extraordinary wealth of illuminating insight and to the remarkable verve and felicity of expression which make this a rarely delightful book. I must resist the temptation to illustrate by quotations, but will refer the reader to the section entitled "Figures of Earth," confident that no one who reads it will lightly put the rest of the book aside.

Altogether this is a work to be put beside De Tocqueville's great classic. It is immeasurably superior to the turgid superficialities of Bryce. MORRIS R. COHEN.

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Hartford's Sweetest Singer

Mrs. Sigourney, the Sweet Singer of Hartford, by Gordon S. Haight. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 201 pages. $3.

WHY DID Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Charles Lee omit from their excellent anthology of bad verse, "The Stuffed Owl," the honorable name of Lydia Hunt Sigourney, who probably produced more poems about death, both lingering and sudden, especially the death of infants, than any other single bard, male or female, of the nineteenth century? It is true that Mrs. Sigourney's muse is not to be compared with the grossly ludicrous drab who presided over the cackling of Mrs. Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, whom they do include at some length; but that is only to say that she is more seriously and permanently entertaining. Surely they could have found space, if not for the lines "On the Death of a Sister while Absent at School" (which indeed, like so much verse, are not so fine as their title), at least for a few lines from the "Marriage of the Deaf and Dumb" or from "Female Education for Greece." I should think they might have found a page or two for such lines as these, from "To a Shred of Linen," expressing Mrs. Sigourney's regret for the passing of the old household arts of New England:

> Fain would I ask,
> Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
> By sofa and piano quite displaced.
> Why dost thou banish from thy parlor-hearth
> That old Hygeian harp, whose magic rul'd
> Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
> Exorcis'd Saul's ennui?

And, in a different vein, there are passages from one of many poems on "Autumn" that need not be wholly forgotten:

> Hydrangea, on her telegraph
> A hurried signal trac'd
> Of dire and dark conspiracy
> That Summer's realm menac'd.

In her own day, Mrs. Sigourney was a personage of distinct importance; for many decades she was Hartford's most eminent literary citizen, an exhibit to be brought ceremoniously to the attention of General Lafayette, Charles Dickens and every other visiting celebrity; she was easily the foremost standby of the gift-books and annuals, of Godey's Lady's Book and Graham's; she was a correspondent—on curious terms, to be sure—of Maria Edgeworth and Mary Russell Mitford, of Samuel Rogers and Mrs. Jameson; she was "the American Hemans"; on one occasion, when she visited a session of the Supreme Court, she was espied and recognized by Daniel Webster and formally escorted by him to a seat of honor; Whittier regarded her as a benefactress and Poe solicited contributions from her pen to Graham's during his editorship; and, finally, she was the first American versifier to make poetry pay. A true Yankee, she naturally had something of Jonathan Edwards in her makeup—a faint and slightly stale hangover of his deep piety—but she had still more of Benjamin Franklin; and she managed to make the Road to Xanadu coincide with the Way to Wealth—or at least to remarkable prosperity. It should be added that, like many another creative spirit in big business, she gave away much of what she raked in.

Her personality and her career have a real if very minor interest for the student of American culture, and they could hardly have been more happily treated than by Mr. Haight in this unpretentious volume. One gathers that graduate study lies behind its composition, and certainly the book is most richly documented; but it has the least possible taint of the mere thesis. Mr. Haight writes with just the proper degree of unemphasized irony, with just the proper informality in narrative and analysis, with just the proper economy of historical allusion. If such "subjects" were always treated with so nice a reference to their true scale, we should have more adequate literary biographies than we do have. The Sweet Singer of Hartford, at least, will not need to be "done" another time.

NEWTON ARVIN.

The Mound Builders

The Mound Builders, by Henry Clyde Shetrone. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 508 pages. $7.50.

WHAT A layman wants to know about the Mound Builders of the eastern United States is embodied in a set of apparently simple questions. What manner of men were they? What was the character of their culture? How do they fit into the general picture of aboriginal America? Mr. Shetrone's volume provides the answers consistent with modern research. The Mound Builders were not a separate race of mankind but merely a group of American aborigines, in the main prehistoric; their culture is roughly comparable with that of modern villagers such as the Pueblo Indians; and like all the other Indians above the hunting stage they had in varying measure come under the influence of Central American ideas. In Florida they took over a characteristic weapon, the spear thrower; in Alabama they borrowed mythologico-esthetic motives, such as the winged snake; and everywhere they were cultivators of maize.

These essentials the general reader can glean from the initial seven chapters and the summary. He will be well advised to limit himself to these sections, supplementing his reading by the descriptions of localities he happens to be specially interested in, and by a careful inspection of the excellent illustrations sprinkled through the volume. Anything beyond this is likely to strain his powers of assimilation. For the remainder of the book is meant for a different audience—the local antiquarian, the professional anthropologist, the excursionist in quest of curious archeological sites. For all these the remainder of the text will prove an invaluable gazetteer and handbook. As director of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society, Mr. Shetrone is naturally most familiar with this area, which fortunately happens to be of outstanding importance for his general problem. Starting, then, from this favorable point of departure, he discusses mounds and mound relics, passing from state to state. Selected sites are sometimes described with circumstantial detail, the history of their exploration is sketched, and some of the ample references of the terminal bibliography also appear in the text.

From all this material two general impressions result. One of them has already been stated—the stimulation of these people by the centers of higher New World civilization. That is undoubtedly how the Mound Builders became tillers of the soil. But there is another side to the story, which some writers persistently and perversely ignore. Mexico is by no means the sole center of diffusion. Such raw materials as obsidian and the canine teeth

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of the grizzly prove contact with the Rocky Mountain region, and trade relations were hardly confined to the acquisition of a few commodities. The Mound Builders, in other words, had an opportunity to pick up arts and customs from a number of diverse sources. If there were regular expeditions into the Yellowstone Park district, as Mr. Shetrone surmises, the travelers may have profited from contacts with a dozen and more tribes. Further, there was certainly a good deal of specialization in the Mound area. The several tribes in some measure achieved distinct adaptations to their material and social environment; and they also learned from different groups of outsiders. Whatever may have been the processes at work, the results were a number of cultures that cannot be regarded as merely impoverished replicas of Mexican culture. Each was rather a humbler but unique synthesis of elements from diverse centers. The evidence suggests that the Mound Builders behaved much like the historic Plains tribes: they adopted ideas from the South, the West, from one another; and thus arose cultural units and subunits.

In the present state of our ignorance, it is not possible to give a definite characterization of each of these recognizable divisions. Mr. Shetrone wisely leaves this task to future synthesizers. Most readers, however, will regret that he has not more sharply defined the oft-recurring "Hopewell" culture where one first encounters it. A tabular comparison with the two Ohio sister cultures would have been a great aid. As things stand, the relative value of Hopewell criteria is only gradually discovered in passing on to other areas. Thus, we learn that the geometric earthworks that loom so large in Ohio are not decisive, since their lack does not oust Iowa mounds from the Hopewell category. On the other hand, spool-shaped ear ornaments seem to have a great diagnostic value. But it would be captious to dwell on this point. Mr. Shetrone has done valiant service by assembling a wealth of information on one of the perennially interesting prehistoric regions of North America; and the sane conservatism of his outlook makes it possible to recommend his work to a wider public. ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Beleaguered Zion

The Great Betrayal, by Stephen S. Wise and Jacob De Haas. New York: Brentano's. 294 pages. $2.

"THE GREAT BETRAYAL" is an account of the whittling process by which successive British governments have emasculated the Balfour Declaration. The gradual paring down of the original intention, to reconstitute a Jewish Home in Palestine, is a process marked by four major operations. (1) The boundary dispute with France which resulted in the subtraction of the Hauran and adjacent territory from the province known in history as Palestine. (2) The edict by which the British removed all of Transjordan, that is to say, the emptier, more fertile and larger section of Palestine, from the scope of the Balfour Declaration; and not only removed it from the Zionist sphere of influence but closed it definitely to Jewish private enterprise. (3) The Churchill White Paper of June, 1922, which placed the negative clause of the Mandate, the protection of the civil and religious rights of the Arabs, on a level with the positive injunction to facilitate Jewish settlement. (4) The Passfield White Paper, to which the term "Great Betrayal" is applied, which translates the protection of Arab rights into raising the Arab economic level and puts this aim before the other and original aim of the Mandate. Thus, no new Jewish efforts may be initiated until all Arab farmers are provided with forty acres of cultivable land, a millennium never likely to be realized. Looking back over the years of the Mandate, it would seem that the second operation was the most critical. With Transjordan part of Palestine, a scarcity of land could not have arisen for many years; with Transjordan excluded, a land crisis existed even before the influx of Jews.

If the contentions of Dr. Wise and Mr. De Haas are correct, and there is no lack of official documents to support their position, Great Britain has benefited by Zionism. Palestine, in addition to contributing toward the support of a Transjordan frontier force, has paid its own way; moreover, it has reduced the portion of the Ottoman war debt which was assigned to it in spite of the fact that most of the Zionists were recruited among the Allied nations. Zionism has also helped the Arabs. Before the War, beggary was endemic in Palestine and employment, at best, was seasonal. Now, according to Sir John Simpson, only 2,900 Arabs are without work.

One finishes the present volume with the conviction that Great Britain neither has facilitated the return of the Jews to the homeland nor intends to do so. The recognition of this fact should clarify the situation for the Jews. Whatever they accomplish will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the result of their own efforts. No opposition of the mandatory power can prove fatal to Zionism as long as the will to build persists. And this will, perhaps, has even been strengthened by what the authors call "The Great Betrayal." HAROLD LOEB.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES," by Stuart Gilbert. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 379 pages. $5.*

This book is valuable to readers of Joyce because it contains Joyce's own outline of "Ulysses," now printed in full for the first time, and an explanation of it derived from Joyce himself. Aside from this, however, the book is a pretty poor piece of work. It is padded out with long extracts from "Ulysses," and it is so cluttered up with misleading references, irrelevant quotations and inapposite comparisons that one gets exasperated trying to pick out the significant clues from among the ones that lead nowhere. Joyce himself is perhaps partly responsible for this: his mind runs much to mystic correspondences and these seem sometimes of rather an infantile character. But the general Homeric and symbolic substructure of "Ulysses" is firmly and soundly laid, and it ought to be possible to give a plain and concise account of it.

THE VILLAGE BOOK, by Henry Williamson. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 342 pages. $2.50.*

Observations of the natural aspects of the Sussex Downs, set down in more or less haphazard fashion, are made to alternate with brief but ingratiating glimpses of the manners and simplicities of English village life, in this notebook of a man who has lived for nine years on intimate terms with the subject. Here, as in his more considered work, Mr. Williamson's prose has a bright and lovely quality which lifts it above the ordinary ruck of nature writing—it follows in the best, if rather too familiar, English tradition.

BIOGRAPHY

PEPYS: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER, by John Drinkwater. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 374 pages. $3.*

This book may be accepted as a definitive biography of Samuel Pepys as Secretary of the Admiralty and master of Trinity House. A remarkably large body of information has been crammed into

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374 pages. The narrative, however, is surprisingly dull, possibly because Mr. Drinkwater has not organized his material into attractive form. Huge blocks of undigested information are hurled at the reader's head, and he is never allowed to forget that the author is in possession of the Pepys house at Brampton and is an intimate friend of a descendant of Pepys' relative, Lord Sandwich.

R. v. R., by Hendrik Willem van Loon. *New York: Horace Liveright. 570 pages, illustrated. $5.*

This is by far the best book Mr. van Loon has written; and if it is accepted, not as a new biography of Rembrandt, exhibiting fresh data about his life or new estimates of his work, but as a historical novel in which the central character is not Rembrandt himself but seventeenth-century Dutch society—if it is taken on these terms, it is an excellent book, racy, humorous, humane and wise. Discursive in method, Mr. van Loon documents a whole society; and out of the detailed background the figure of Rembrandt himself emerges by implication.

WOLSEY, by Hilaire Belloc. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 336 pages. $5.*

Mr. Belloc believes with Carlyle that history is the record of what great men have accomplished in the world. In the present volume his thesis is what a great man failed to accomplish, for, if Wolsey had been a man of vision and of disinterested instead of selfish ambition, he might have preserved the unity of the Christian world. In line with this personal view of history is the further thesis that the secession of England from the Catholic Church was the result of Anne Boleyn's control of Henry VIII. Much may be said of the economic and social forces which Mr. Belloc ignores, but his method, if tending to over-simplification, makes for picturesqueness and liveliness in portraiture and narrative.

Psychology and Education

CIVIC ATTITUDES IN AMERICAN SCHOOL TEXTBOOKS, by Bessie L. Pierce. *The University of Chicago Press. 297 pages. $3.*

Dr. Pierce's treatise, provided with an index and a list of the four hundred-odd texts upon which her study is based, is an attempt to determine by scientific investigation the actual content of American school books in reference to social, civic and political matters, their influence in the arbitrary molding of public opinion, and the extent to which control over the curriculum is exercised by legislative bodies. Although no effort is made to analyze the motives underlying textbook propaganda or to suggest specific reforms, the book is a valuable summary of facts for the political theorist and the student of education.

HIGHER EDUCATION FACES THE FUTURE, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. *New York: Horace Liveright. 408 pages. $3.*

This flamboyant title adorns a collection of essays by twenty educators in positions of power. The editor explains that "no topic was assigned to any contributor, and . . . there is no uniform plan or program underlying the project." The same lack of topic, plan and intention is characteristic of almost all the essays. Most of the writers elect to comment on everything in education they happen to think of. A few interesting descriptions of specific experiments may be dug out. Among them, President Lowell's account of "Self-Education at Harvard" is conspicuous because he is talking sense and knows how to write. Professors MacDougall and Schönemann make incidentally some pertinent and wise observations; Mrs. Fisher (Dorothy Canfield) writes intelligently about education for "leisure," a polite and popular term for unemployment. The general effect of the book, though, is that by and large these eminent educators do not know what they are talking about—or even how to talk.

Fiction

THE ERL KING, by Edwin Granberry. *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.*

Here is a good example of what, in the lingo of French criticism, would be called the *faux bon*, a book which on the surface

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bears the deceptive stigmata of distinction, but on reasonably close examination turns out to be a disembodied and deracinated apparition of medieval romance. To the coast of present-day Florida, Mr. Granberry brings the atmosphere of Pelleas and Melisande, the twilight obscurity and half-tones of Maeterlinck, and wraps them round the story of a boy with wildness in his heart who comes to grief in his search for the unattainable. The story itself is slight and charming; if Mr. Granberry had been able to shake off the shackles of self-consciousness and concerned himself less with atmosphere he would have produced a better, if less literary, novel.

ROADS TO GLORY, by Richard Aldington. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

These short stories about the War will not increase their author's reputation for writing, which leaped up with such a well merited bound when he published "Death of a Hero." There can be no doubt that these sketches, for scarcely one of them is a short story in the proper sense of this dubious form, were written some time before the production of that bitter masterpiece. Most of them have all the hallmarks of the amateur suddenly breaking into print, or of the capital poet (they are the same hallmarks) suddenly turning to prose. Perhaps the best things in the book are the descriptions of God's good No Man's Land after humanity has done its best with it.

SHATTER THE DREAM, by Norah James. *New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.*

The author of "The Sleeveless Errand"—she is a feminine disciple of Mr. Hemingway—writes a moderately touching story of a boy who loves a sophisticated woman and dies of malignant endocarditis.

TOGETHER AGAIN, by Helen Grace Carlisle. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.*

Miss Carlisle seems to have the makings of an interesting novelist, but as yet too little experience to produce a book that has body to it. Her handling of the story of a girl who tries to dissociate her sexual from her emotional life has genuine power, particularly in its climax; it is, however, little more than the rough draft for a book on which she would probably do a much better job five years hence.

THE OCTANGLE, by Emanie Sachs. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $1.50.*

Eight people, and the reasons why one of them should have been murdered by another. Neither as a variation of the usual mystery story nor as a psychological study is it particularly successful. Its chief virtue is brevity.

Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN is the author of "Investment Trusts Gone Wrong," which was published in The New Republic and, in expanded form, as a title in The New Republic Dollar Series.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON is at present living in England.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD is head of the Department of Sociology at New York University and president of the American Eugenics Society.

PAUL ROSENFELD, critic of music, painting and literature, is at present at work on his second novel.

MORRIS R. COHEN is professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York and a contributor to various law reviews and other periodicals.

NEWTON ARVIN is assistant professor of English at Smith College and a contributor of critical articles to various magazines. He edited "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals."

ROBERT H. LOWIE is a well known anthropologist and an authority on the life and customs of the Amerindians.

HAROLD LOEB, critic and defender of Zionism, has recently finished a novel dealing with the massacres in Palestine.

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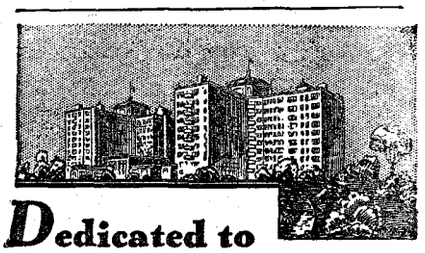

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